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SATURDAY NIGHT

JULY 3, 1943

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THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

The Front Page

IN THE section of this week's issue devoted to The Business Front there appears an article which should be read by students of Canada's public affairs whether they are interested in business or not; for it is mainly concerned with the political future of the country. It deals with the questions raised by the rapid rise of a new, energetic, intelligent and highly organized party, seeking to wrest control of the country's destinies from the two older parties which have alternated in power since shortly after Confederation. For this party to achieve its aims it must bring together a large proportion of both wage-paid labor and the farmers. The New Deal in the United States, beginning in an era of profound depression, succeeded for nearly a decade in maintaining that combination, and the CCF in Canada looked until recently as if it was doing the same thing. But the New Deal is breaking down in the United States, with a Democratic Congress, attentive to the farm interests, passing anti-strike legislation over the veto of a Democratic President who derives much of his strength from labor. There is every reason to suppose that the same division is occurring in Canada, and that the CCF is its chief victim.

In depression times the interests of labor and agriculture are much closer together than they are in prosperity. When the workers are out of work they cannot buy food, and the farmer is interested in getting them back to work. But in prosperity their interests begin to diverge. The workers want more wages, which they will not spend on food but on fun and furniture; and their higher wages begin to compete disastrously with the wage scale on the farm.

The CCF is a doctrinaire Socialist party, led in the main by Englishmen or English-trained Canadians with a good working knowledge of industrial conditions but little familiarity with the farm. Miss Macphail was an invaluable element in the party councils, so long as she retained the point of view of her native town of Ceylon, Ont.; but she seems to be succumbing to the labor influence. Her recent attack upon the judiciary was couched in the language of the union hall and not at all in Ceylonese. The party is now getting a large proportion of its funds from a per capita levy on certain unions — a method of raising them which incidentally was last week prohibited in the United States by the very same law as prohibits strikes except under onerous conditions. The influence of the leaders of these unions in its councils is obviously bound to be very strong. And the policies which they advocate are not going to commend themselves much to the agriculturists, to whom they offer nothing but a much higher wage level for farm help and little hope for a higher price level for farm products.

AT PERCE ON THE GASPE COAST, THE AIR IS ALIVE WITH GLEAMING WINGS AND THE SHRILL SCREAMING OF GULLS, AS COD FISHERMEN BEACH THEIR BOATS.
(See pages 4 and 5 for picture story.)

Relations With Russia

JUST a year ago SATURDAY NIGHT carried an informative article on the Anglo-Russian alliance by Lionel Gelber, well known to our readers as an able Canadian commentator on international relations. Mr. Gelber predicted the dissolution of the Russian Comintern in the following words: "The Alliance leaves one ambiguity. Britain and Russia pledge themselves to a course of 'non-interference in the internal affairs of other states.' This spells, once and for all, the doom of the Comintern." Further on in Mr. Gelber's article are a few words which we feel are timely at the present moment, when some quarters seem confused on the relationship between Communism and the Russian alliance. Speaking on this relationship, he says: "The preservation of peace and the attainment of victory do not require a common ideology. On the nature of society, King George VI and M. Stalin have no doubt differences as profound as any that separated Edward VII from the Tsar Nicholas II. But the things that unite are more important than those which divide."

Watch Out, Mr. Reade!

OUR good friend John Collingwood Reade, one-time contributor to this journal, now war columnist of the *Globe and Mail* and radio commentator, acquired last week a greatly enlarged realization of the nature of Communist gratitude. Somebody—probably the CBC—ran a broadcast devoted to discussion of the film "Mission to Moscow," in which the film was ardently upheld by two of the three participants and somewhat criticized by the third, who was Mr. Reade. The general impression among outsiders was that the film was quite gently treated by Mr. Reade, and that if the CBC had wanted a really hot discussion they should have let in somebody from the Toronto *Telegram*. But nobody complained until the Canadian *Tribune* was heard from. The *C.T.*, which has maintained for months that Professor Watson Kirkconnell is a Fascist, now asks Mr. Reade whether he wants "to find himself in the same raucous company as Professor Kirkconnell or the 'Exterminator' of the suspiciously-worded advertisements."

Mr. Reade is the president of the Writers, Broadcasters and Artists' War Council, an organization which has up to now enjoyed the unqualified support of the *C.T.* and has labored indefatigably to promote support for a strongly pro-Russian policy for Canada. He has been of immense value to that cause by reason of his repute for moderation and good sense. But as soon as he begins to use his moderation and good sense in the discussion of a piece of propaganda (no doubt very good propaganda) the promotion of which is part of the "party line" for the moment, the party faithful immediately turn on him and rend him. That if he were a Communist Mr. Reade would be guilty of gross insubordination in saying that a piece of party propaganda distorts the historical facts we do not deny; but he is not a Communist, he is merely a person who is trying to help the Communists in a purpose which he regards as desirable in the interests of the nation and the United Nations. And this is what he gets! It is characteristic of the party, and we predict that within three months it will be definitely calling Mr. Reade a Fascist.

This is one of the reasons why we refuse to regard the Communists as constituting any real danger to the political institutions of Canada. Their traditions are admirably suited to the purpose of seizing by force upon the controlling points of a community whose governmental structure has already been shaken to pieces; but we do not regard Canada as likely to reach that condition within any predictable period. And in a community whose governmental structure is reasonably solid, they are quite incapable of so associating themselves with other elements as to make up an effective, not to say a governing party.

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Gracie Fields

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Mr. Bracken Comes

BY THE time this issue reaches most of our readers Mr. Bracken will have made his first appearance in Toronto in the full panoply of a party leader, his previous appearances here having been in non-political gatherings and for the purpose of making non-political utterances. Much may depend upon what he says and does on this occasion; but of one thing we have very little apprehension. We do not think he will either say or do anything merely to capture the favor of a local audience or the local political leadership.

Mr. Bracken seems to us to be a man of deep, slowly formed and solidly matured convictions. He has a concept of national policy which is dictated neither by Toronto nor by Winnipeg nor by Montreal. He is quite prepared to stake his political future on the acceptability of that concept to the mature judgment of the whole people of Canada.

Costume Sympathy

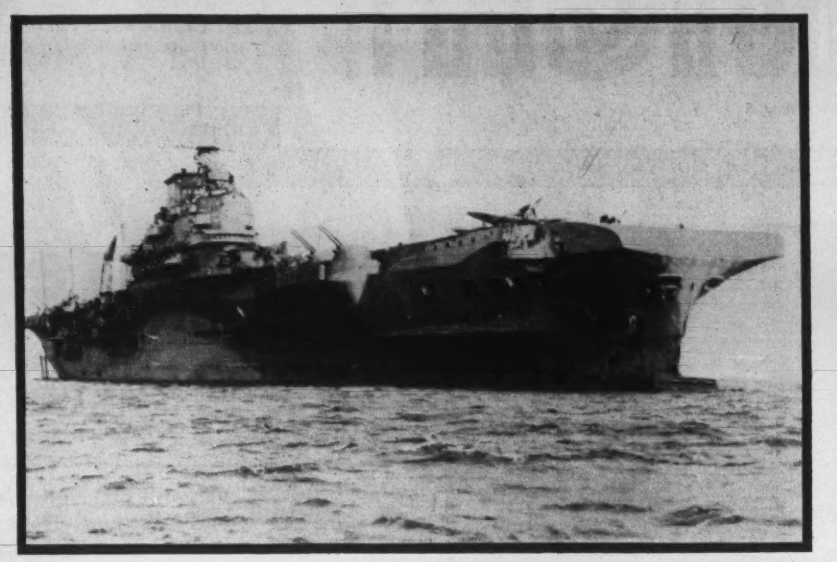
AT THE presentation ceremony last week for passing a fine collection of Canadian creative work in the arts to the Union of Soviet Republics the crowd was as variegated as the pictures. Dress was informal—a blessing on a hot evening; but the range of informality was considerable. Some of our lads who have gone "revolutionary" in their pictures dressed the part in queer shirts and other temperamental raiment, while the Russian guests and friends were distractingly usual. The First Secretary of the Soviet Embassy, in brown, might have posed as an accountant of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, and the ladies of Russian nationality were charming rather than exotic. The lass with mascara eye-lashes, vivid make-up, Ukrainian embroidery and no stockings was one of ours. And the brilliantly stylish costume of black and silver which fixed all eyes probably was Russian. How else could mutual sympathy be so well expressed?

Natives and Refugees

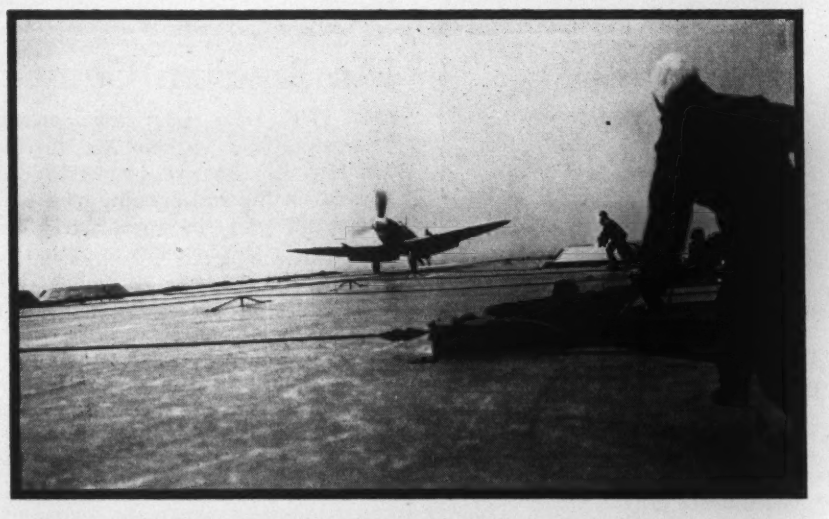
THE Native Sons of Canada have declared through their national secretary, Mr. H. W. Huntley, their strong objection to the admission of refugees from Axis-dominated countries by order-in-council, on the ground that nothing should be done by order-in-council which will "affect the future of Canada." The society appears actually to object to any immigration, whether under order-in-council or not.

The association of unemployment with immigration is common enough among the unreflecting element of the population, but we are sorry to find it officially endorsed by what should presumably be one of the most intelligent bodies in the Dominion,—and a body which, since it contains very few North American Indian members, must be mainly composed of the children or grandchildren of

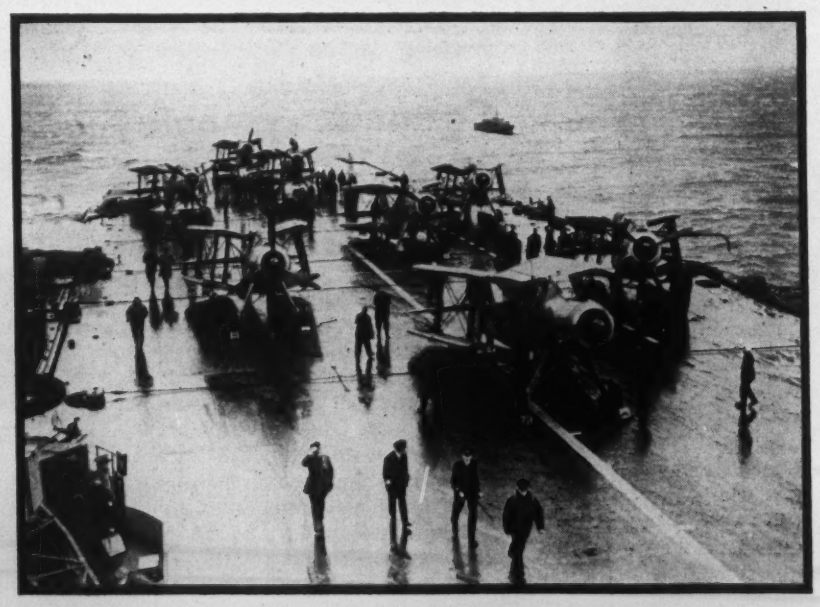
(Continued on Page Three)



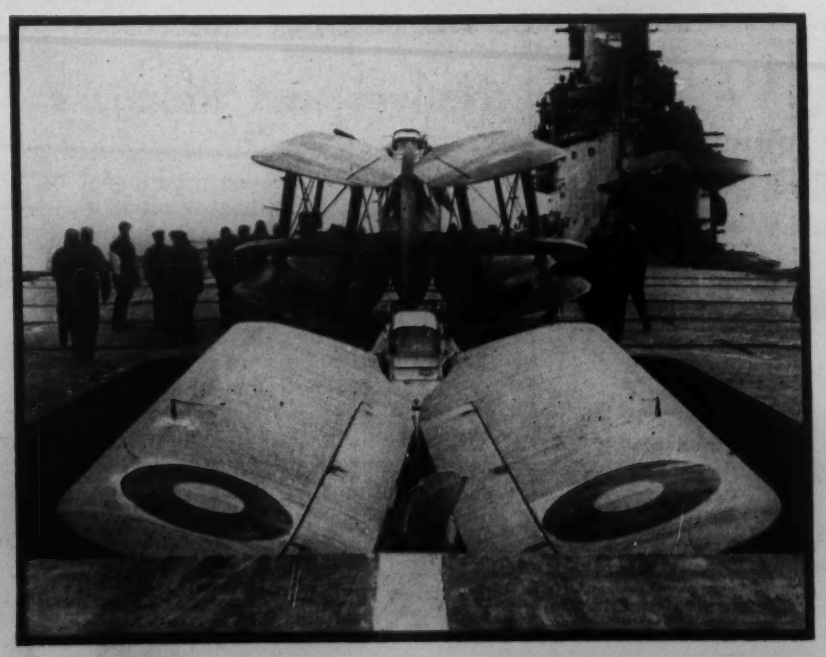
News that Canada is giving thought to the purchase of escort aircraft carriers to cover the passage of convoys, particularly in the mid-Atlantic blind spot beyond the range of shore-based patrol planes, spotlights the capabilities of such sea-going airdromes as H.M.S. Indomitable (above)—showing the "round down" at the stern over which a pilot comes in to "land on". A carrier's reconnaissance aircraft can be stretched round the horizon like fingers, while fighters like this "Seafire" (below) landing on the flight deck as a member of the crew waves correcting signals to its pilot, protect convoys against enemy planes.



As the plane touches down, a hook under the fuselage catches one of the arrester wires stretched across the deck. "Albacores" (below) serve as reconnaissance and torpedo-biplanes. They are seen with wings folded . . .



. . . so they can descend on elevator (bottom photo) to hangars below deck.



DEAR MR. EDITOR

Responsibility for Dieppe

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

WILL you kindly allow me to reply to Mr. Williamson's article "Responsibility for Dieppe" which appeared in your issue of June 12?

His contention that the officers in high commands in the Canadian Army in England are incompetent is almost certainly untrue, and is most unjust, as he must know that they cannot make any reply to his accusations as long as they remain on the active list. His obvious contempt for the officers of the Canadian Permanent Force is not in very good taste. They are at the very least offering their lives in the defence of Canada—and Mr. Williamson.

In every professional army there must be a certain percentage of incompetents, as there is also in the business world, but by now they must have been weeded out, both in the Canada Permanent Force and in the British Army.

Mr. Williamson is of the opinion that the High Command officers should at once be replaced by what he calls the civilian soldiers, apparently because of their keenness and habits of quick decision. But are these qualities to be found only in the business world? Canada was indeed well served by her civilian soldiers in the last war, but I submit that the very qualities which made them such fine soldiers would have made them even better ones if they had had a full professional training. To get rid of our High Command officers now and replace them with civilian soldiers at this most critical time would be folly of the worst kind. Most of the officers in question are probably graduates of the Royal Military College and the British Staff College. They fought well in the last war, have trained the Canadian Army to a very high pitch of efficiency, and —a truly remarkable feat—have kept the men under their command from going stale.

As to Dieppe itself, it is so very easy to be wise *after* the event. Though we now know what happened once the expedition started, we—the men in the street—have no knowledge whatever as to the factors which influenced the decisions of the High Command in planning both the strategy and the tactics to be employed, and till we do know it is impossible to pass an unbiased and fair judgment on the High Command.

May I add that I know none of the officers personally, and have never been associated in any way with the Canadian Permanent Force?

Quebec, Que. A. C. H. DEAN
(Lieut.-Col., Royal Artillery, retired.)

Stammering

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

I HAVE read with interest but astonishment your article "Cure for Speech Difficulties." It is a matter for commendation that this serious disability is now receiving merited attention, but it is unfortunate that the approach to the question of stammering is based on seeming ignorance of the cause. To effect a cure the cause must be known.

Two causes are given in the article: (1) heredity, and (2) nervous strain and illness.

That stammering is inherited is fantastic nonsense, and this old wives' tale may be occasioned by the probability that a child brought up by stammering parents will also stammer by reason of association.

Stammering is not caused by nervousness. The reverse is the case—stammering causes nervousness. The case of shell-shocked soldiers is untenable as an argument. Stammering is only one of the disabilities which may occur when the delicate mechanism of the brain is injured, and it need have no relation at all to nerve strain. Every reader of this article will know someone who stammers, and they should not be informed that these unfortunate friends need to go to a rest home or be placed under medical care in order to be cured.

Singers never stammer when singing, and why not if it is caused by nervousness? Can anyone imagine a greater cause for nervous strain than stepping on to a platform wondering what the reaction of the audience will be?

Stammering is a habit that is contracted usually when young and imitative. It is due entirely to lack of breath regulation, and can be cured completely by competent instructors. The only cases which need the attention of a doctor or a surgeon are those where there is some functional defect, and these are extremely rare.

There are some "quack" schools that profess to effect a cure, and among the nostrums suggested are talking in a "singsong" voice and altering the pitch of the voice. (The latter is also advocated by the article under discussion). There are some competent schools, but they seem to be few and far between.

Under knowledgeable direction, cures of even life-long stammerers can be effected, many in an incredibly short time, but not by the methods suggested in "Cure for Speech Difficulties."

I suggest that this important matter is one for consideration by the Department of Education.

Toronto, Ont. NORMAN L. WELLS.

A Tax Mystery

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

YOUR editorial on Income Tax Mysteries prompts me to write of one of them. A married woman may earn as much as she can without depriving her husband of the considerations accorded to a married taxpayer, provided that she earns it as, let us say, a school-teacher or in a government department or in industry. But if, having some professional qualifications herself, she earns $660.01 in the practice of her profession, the husband is taxed as a single man.

This discrimination against the man whose wife earns something in the way of professional fees, in favor of those whose wives receive salaries or wages, seems to be without any element of justice. Of course I know how it comes about; but must it ever be that in a democracy one must belong to a large and powerful group before one can get justice?

LLOYD H. WERDEN.
St. Catharines, Ont.

This appears to be a correct statement of the law, illogical as it is. A wife receiving over $660 from sources "apart from personal earnings from employment" renders both herself and her husband taxable as single persons. Professional fees are not earnings from employment, though they are obviously earnings. A wife receiving the same income "from employment" is taxable as a single person but leaves her husband still entitled to the exemptions of a married man. The difference in the husband's tax is that the normal tax is advanced from 7 to 9 per cent and the graduated tax is increased $150. The wife's tax is the same in either case.—Ed.

"A Few Can Be Saved"

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

IT OFTEN happens that a reprint from SATURDAY NIGHT is the outstanding feature of another paper. One can wish therefore that every newspaper in Canada would reprint that section of your editorial comment (June 5) under the heading "A Few Can Be Saved." Surely it would have aroused such a storm of public feeling that no government could resist, and the Montreal *Star* could crawl into its hole. It is good news that several influential newspapers are joining in vigorous and courageous protest.

How is it that men will do collectively what any half-decent man would be utterly ashamed to do individually? If a man in the security of his own home were to see another man running towards him pursued by a pack of wolves, and should deliberately get up and lock his door saying, "Well, it was hard luck for that poor chap, but I could not afford to feed him, and I did not like his looks anyhow, and he might have been a Jew," what would we think of him? Yet is not that about what Canada is doing in barring entry of refugees escaping from the Nazi regime of persecution and murder?

Trail, B.C. R. B. W.

Starving Housepainters

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

WE OF *THE PRINTED WORD* are accused in your issue of June 19 as viewing with equanimity the possible starvation of housepainters. Actually you know us as kindly hard-working souls trying to get along in the world. The only housepainter we would gladly starve is Hitler.

We were merely trying to apply common sense to the problem. If inadvertently we have picked up some of the jargon of the amateur economist, it may be because we have been faithful and admiring readers of SATURDAY NIGHT for lo, these many years. Likewise our knowledge of theology comes from listening to pulpiteers of various orthodox sects over approximately the same number of years, and with about the same regularity.

What is to be feared is that we Canadians will seek to provide full employment in peace by the same method by which we have achieved full employment for war purposes—by unprecedented borrowing and appallingly high taxation of individuals and private business. None can object to the taxation and lending as long as these are to help beat Hitler. But if, after peace, Canadians must continue to pay those taxes and lend those amounts in order that all housepainters be kept busy, none will have enough money to hire a housepainter privately.

There can be obtained a substantially higher volume of employment and higher wages than during the depression, but it should be remembered that neither the volume of employment nor the wage levels in peacetime are going to be as great as in wartime. Realistic understanding of these truths would appear to be the very best insurance against another speculative boon, followed by another depression.

General prosperity is possible under free enterprise, or capitalism, if individuals and businesses are not starved through taxation and shackled by controllers, administrators, co-ordinators, directors and other civil servants.

JOHNSTON, EVERSON
Toronto, Ont. & CHARLESWORTH.

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THE FRONT PAGE

(Continued from Page One)

immigrants. It is just about as logical as the belief in witchcraft—and leads to just about the same sort of cruelties.

The objection to immigration so far as it is based on this association is directed, of course, mainly against the *successful* immigrant; the immigrant who cannot get a job himself is obviously not keeping any native son out of one. But a careful sampling of "Who's Who in Canada" shows that slightly over 30 per cent of the people in it were born outside of the Dominion and are therefore immigrants; and the theory that Canada would be a better place for the native Canadians if 30 per cent of its leading citizens had been excluded seems to us untenable. (The immigrant percentage in "Who's Who" is, we may add, considerably higher than the immigrant percentage in the total population, suggesting that in point of capacity for success the immigrants are at least not inferior to the native stock.)

A nation whose citizens feel that they cannot maintain their standard of living and their individual chances of success unless they are protected from the "competition" of any rivals from outside coming into their country seems to us to be suffering from an inferiority complex of the most disastrous kind, and to lack most of the essentials of national greatness. We refuse to believe that the Canadian nation is that sort of a nation, no matter what the Canadian Native Sons may say about it.

Communist Poet

THE outspoken commendation of Professor E. K. Brown in his annual review has drawn fresh attention to one of the books of verse appearing in 1942, the "Night Is Ended" of J. S. Wallace, who was born in Toronto fifty years ago, was for a time a successful advertising man in Halifax, and became an ardent and propagandist Marxian, as a result of which he was incarcerated under the Defence Regulations during the period of the German-Russian non-aggression pact. Mr. Wallace is unquestionably a poet of high distinction and accomplishment. That his verse is also extremely disquieting is no bar to its claim to artistic merit; indeed, in a country where there is far too little disquietude among the poets it may be counted as one merit the more.

In his early work, prior to 1928, Mr. Wallace was much too conscious of his dogmas and allowed them to dominate his inspiration. His poems of that period have a good many references to "class", "workingclass", "revolution", "worldwide commonwealth", and the like. But he soon learned the unpoetic quality of these abstractions and threw them out, replacing them with the great monosyllables which will still be the flesh and blood of English poetry when Marx and Lenin and Franco and Hitler have been dead five hundred years—the great monosyllables which, like the hundred keys of the pianoforte need only to be constantly arranged in new combinations to make new music.

His best work so far was written either in solitary confinement at Petawawa or in less solitary but equally cramping conditions at Hull jail. Space allows of only one quotation, a poem entitled "Refugees" written at Hull last year, which we select for its haunting music and a couple of startling phrases:

The sun is scuttled and the stars are sold,
Draw close for comfort for the night grows cold.

The fog creeps cunningly from field and fold,
Draw close for comfort for the night grows cold.

The hand can't gather what the heart can hold,
Draw close for comfort for the night grows cold.

Does the watchman slumber? Does the east turn gold?
Draw close for comfort for the night grows cold.

And of course Shelley would have been interned under the Defence of Canada Regulations. Indeed we sometimes wonder that no protest has been raised against his verse being a subject of instruction at "the provincial university" of Ontario.

DESERT VICTORY

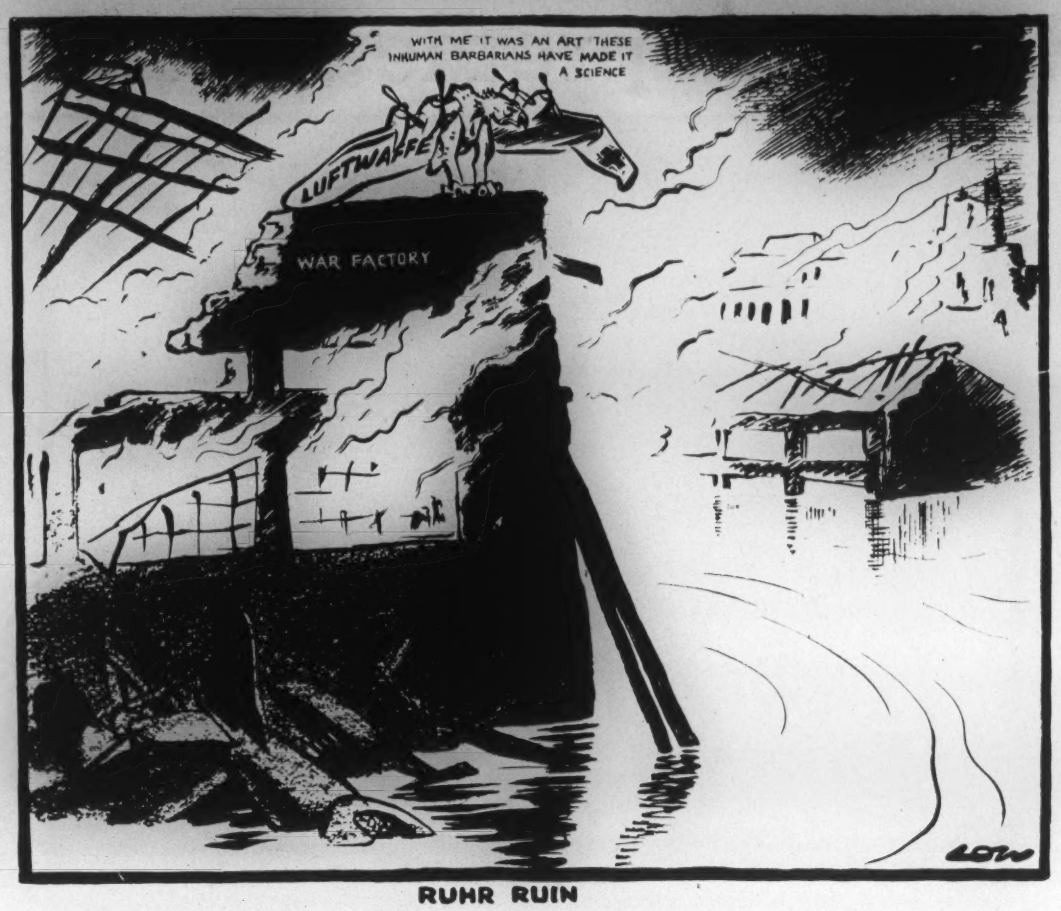
THE clash and clamor of the battles cease,
The desert falls to silence once again.
Old Libya's plains resume their primal peace,
The sands drift o'er the slayer and the slain.

No bugle sounds reveille at the morn,
Long naked noons now sear away the scars.
The Arab, on his camel poised forlorn,
Broods on the sunset—and the vast of stars.

The Babylonian host, the Assyrian horde,
The Roman legion—all have passed this way;
Reaped on the waste red harvest with the sword,
Even as our armies reaped but yesterday.

The desert falls to silence once again,
The sands drift o'er the slayer and the slain.

J. LEWIS MILLIGAN.



RUHR RUIN

The Vanishing Hotel

SMALL-TOWN boys of Ontario in earlier times, if their parents were of pronounced respectability, were never allowed to go "downtown" on Saturday nights because of the possibility of drunken fights in or near the hotels. It was a handicap for romantic juveniles. So little happened through the week that the very suggestion of action, even if bibulous, was alluring. In those days a hotel was ninety per cent bar and five per cent stables; that is, so far as profits were concerned. The *table-d'hôte* on market days at 25 cents a head, with the proprietor carving at the head of the table, was merely a gesture of hospitality. Even when food was cheap it's a fair guess that the house lost a fraction of a cent on every meal. As for the rooms, they were mainly empty. Only commercial travellers occupied them. Visiting dignitaries, such as the pulpit-supply for the Methodist Church anniversary, were entertained at the parsonage. Visiting politicians dined and slept at the mayor's.

Pressure by active temperance folk induced Hon. W. J. Hanna to do something. He announced that the hotel-keepers must be compelled to keep hotel; that is to say, keep rooms ready and in order for customers who almost never came, and serve meals of proper quality for man and beast. Those who failed to live up to the requirements lost their licenses. Meanwhile the habits of the people were changing. Automobiles became common, and the ordinary country road became a highway crowded with people rushing hither and yon. Some of them stopped for meals, hardly any for a night's sleep. And at the same time the commercial travellers took to automobiles, "did" three towns a day in place of one, and spun home fifty miles or so to their own beds.

So the bar was more important than ever. But then liquor sale was controlled, with retail stores and brewers' warehouses. And now beer is rationed. For the hotel-keeper "it is all very discouraging." The natural consequence is the progressive refusal of convivial souls to keep hotel anywhere, at any time. A recent issue of Mr. Hugh Templin's Fergus weekly announced the demise in one week of hotels in Arthur, Grand Valley and Fergus. In two of these places there is now no place where the wanderer may lay his head, save in a cabin camp or a private house with the sign "tourists" on the front gate. It is a great change from fifty years ago.

The Macphail Statement

WE QUITE agree with the opinion of Mr. St. Laurent, Minister of Justice, that the statement of Miss Agnes Macphail about the judges of Canada—that they are "all political heelers or they wouldn't be judges"—was "regrettable". But we cannot at all agree with his suggestion that it is the business of the censorship to prevent such statements from reaching the public. If the citizens of Canada are to be prohibited by the censors from expressing their opinion concerning judges in general, or certain judges in particular, we shall eventually have a state of things which will be much more regrettable.

Mr. St. Laurent has never seemed able to appreciate the wholly temporary and wartime character of the censorship or of the Defence of Canada Regulations. These things are limitations upon our freedom, cheerfully accepted along with many others for the sole purpose of promoting the utmost effectiveness of our war effort, and should never be used in any way which does not directly promote that effectiveness. It does not promote that effectiveness to silence people from saying that judges are political heelers, even though the statement is not true.

Mr. St. Laurent was instigated to his appeal to the censorship by Mr. T. L. Church. Mr. Church is a member from whom Mr. St. Laurent might usefully take instigation on many matters, but liberty of speech is not one of them. In any case Mr. Church's practice is not in accordance with his theory. On July 31 of last year he informed Parliament that "Some of the appointments to the bench in the county court are purely political." This statement is of course more moderate in extent than Miss Macphail's, since it applies only to a fraction of the lower judiciary; and it is more restrained in language than Miss Macphail's, since it does not accuse them of being "heelers"—a term however of very vague connotation. But a censor faced with the problem of whether, Miss Macphail's statement having been suppressed, Mr. Church's should be allowed to pass would in our opinion have a hard job to explain himself if he did not suppress it also. A censorship which permits us to say that some judges are appointed for political reasons, but not that all judges are so appointed, seems a trifle ridiculous. It requires the censor to determine *how many* judges we may say are appointed for political reasons, which is more than any censor should be asked to do.

THE PASSING SHOW

IT IS argued that the people of Ontario should not have a provincial election after six years, on the ground that they don't want one, although it is pretty safe to bet that two-thirds of the electorate will vote if one is held. It is argued by the same politicians that the people of our particular ward in Toronto *must* have an election for the City Council after one year, on the ground that they do want one, although experience shows that less than forty per cent actually do vote. Oh well . . .

•

Anthracite Anthem

Old King Coal was a merry old soul,
And he said "Don't let me trouble you."
He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl,
And he called out the U.M.W.

•

The natural sequence of events is such, that the community which decides that Negroes shall not live outside of a certain area is also deciding that Negroes shall ultimately be murdered by mobs. And this does not apply to Negroes alone.

•

Pleasant thought of the week: If Speaker Clark had his way the Ku Klux Klan could do a job in Windsor as well as Detroit.

•

Following our almost poetic tribute to steak-and kidney pie in a recent issue, a contributor writes to complain that when she can get steak the butcher has no kidneys, and when kidneys are available she has no meat coupons. What was it the poet said about Never the time, the place and the loved one together?

•

Judges' award in the great world competition for inscrutability: First prize, John Bracken. Honorable mention, the Sphinx.

•

Diary of a Taxpayer

June 30.—Rose this a.m., put on my surtax which is the lesser of Item J-2 or J-3, and proceeded to have my breakfast of compulsory savings (see Item 29), and a side-order of half the refundable tax. After slitting my wife's throat (she was impertinent enough to remark that it was a nice day) I drove leisurely to work at a slow speed of 10%, plus 1% for each policeman I hit en route, and entered the office in a whirling maze of beautiful figures that were beating out rhythms from the T-1 Concerto of Ilsley. I then started work on my paper dolls, made from the very best forms ($5,000 and over), until the King of Ottawa, very quaintly dressed in a white uniform, invited me over to his chateau where I can beat my head against the softest steel bars in Canada, at no expense to myself (excepting under Section 20-C which are payable in Canadian funds) and a nice doctor has just told me that I can get free board and medical care (not deductable from tax) and *I won't have to pay any taxes next year at all!* Boy,—am I lucky!

DAVID M. BATTERSBY

•

A contributor has explained in full detail the method of computing the cost-of-living index. He is wasting his time; he should be writing mystery stories.

•

Obviously Hon. Mr. Howe cannot be blamed for not telling all he knows. But he has been criticized for not knowing all he tells.

•

Ottawa has decided against decreasing the 52-pound weight of the average soldier's pack. There goes the chance for a really popular war song entitled "Unpack Your Troubles."

•

Peace, Perfect Peace

I like the little friendly street
On the outskirts of the town,
Where life is neighborly and sweet
And evening is its crown.

We mow the lawn, we squirt the hose,
In shorts and singlets clad,
Or dig about the climbing rose,
And not a soul is sad.

We have no lofty socialite
To make us toe the line,
No midnight reveller, grown tight
On gin and native wine.

We revel best on lemonade
(With cookies now and then).
We're natural and unafraid,
And go to bed at ten!!!

J. E. M.

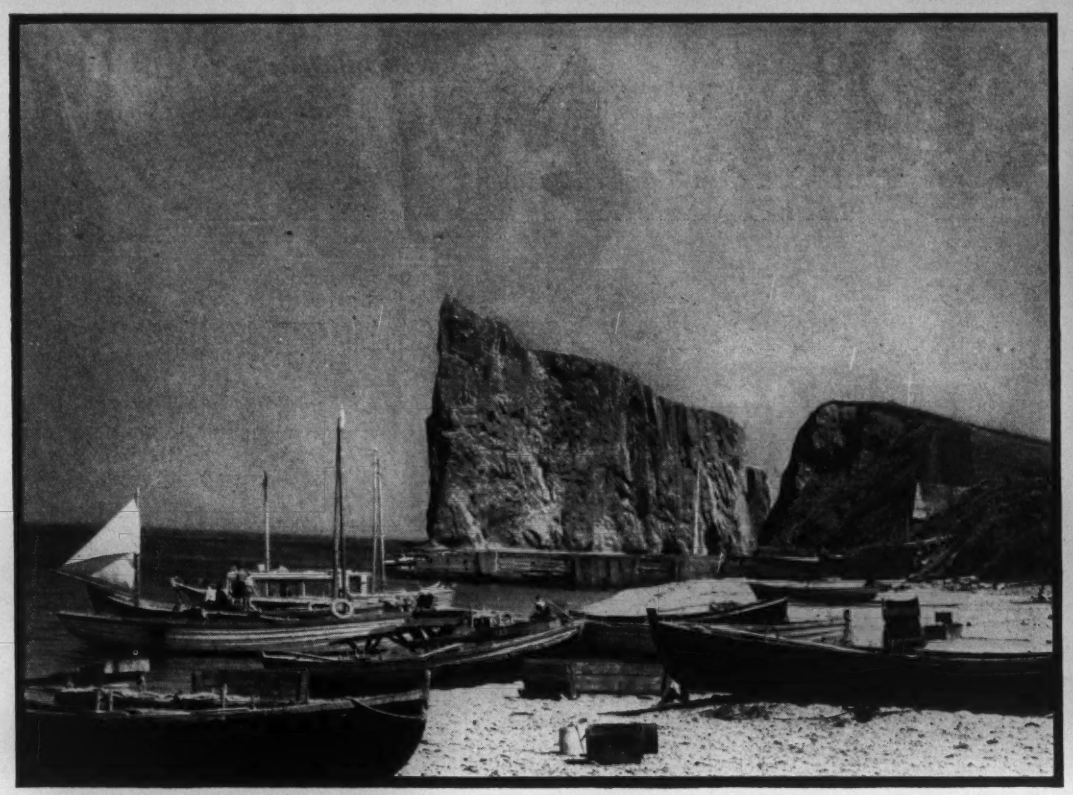
•

HANDSOMEST IRISHMAN IS DEAD

Newspaper headline.

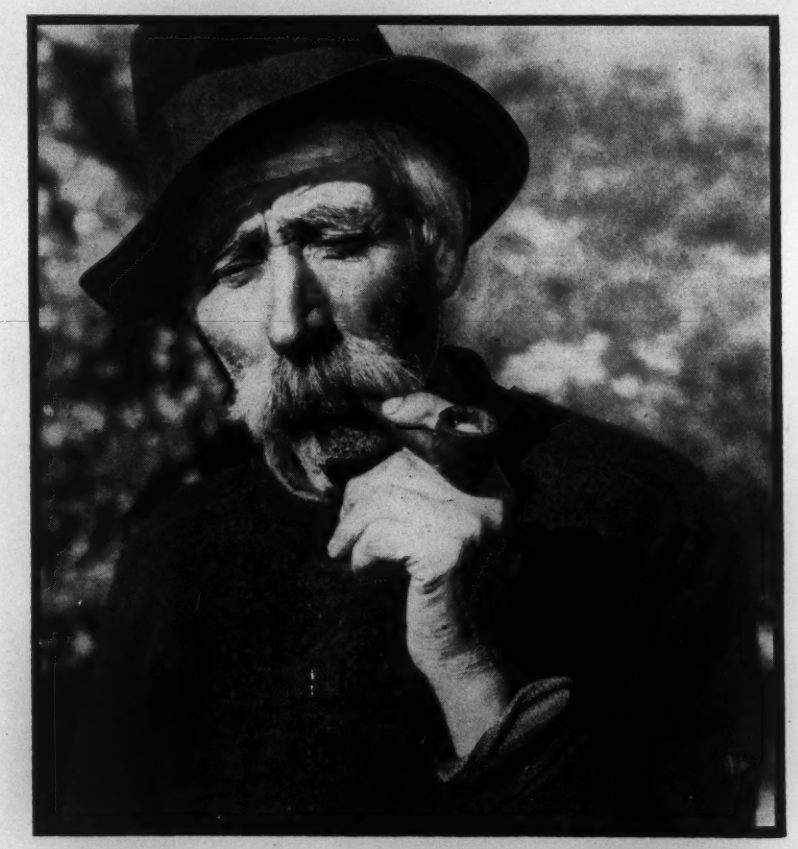
Millions disagree.

Lady Cod Reigns Supreme Along the Gaspé . . . .



Part of the fishing fleet near Percé, Quebec, "where the great granite rock guards the Eastern approach". Fishing boats range in size from small dories to large steam trawlers.

Usually cod are caught with trawls, or lines, perhaps 4000 feet long, supporting shorter lines called snoods which carry baited hooks. The rum kegs shown serve as buoys.



Seventy years old and retired from hook and anchor, he told the photographer: "I have wan hard tam onderstanding you. You spik the new Anglish, and me I spik the old Anglish."

By Anne Merrill

OF MANY reasons offered for the finding of this great land, none is more plausible than that of codfish. F. W. Wallace, editor *Canadian Fisherman,* gives the quest of this fish as "directly responsible" for the discovery of North America. As Basque fishermen were catching and salting cod off Newfoundland and Nova Scotia prior to the voyage of Columbus, he suggests that the explorer heard about this continent from them.

Cod not long ago was regarded as a poor man's food when, at any open market along the Gaspé coast, a cautious cook could buy a fish big enough to feed six people for ten or fifteen cents. The man on the beach didn't bother to weigh it. You picked the fish and made him an offer. Today it would cost 75 cents or more.

Fishermen were getting only a cent a pound from the companies. They were too poor even to buy their own bait. The world war enlivened the industry and the government came to the rescue with bait—and boots. An increasing demand for fish (especially since meat was rationed) has helped to make the fisherman's lot worthwhile. In this war of nutrition he is forging a fine weapon, for the cod is bristling with vitamins—not to mention its precious liver-oil.

Lady Cod is one of the most prolific of fishes. In one season she may spawn nine million eggs. Multiply this by the twenty to thirty million cod caught a year, around Gaspé alone, and grasp the significant total—even though they are not all ladies.

Waggish scientists have calculated that if all the roe were to reach maturity, the oceans of the world would become a solid mass of codfish. This is not an immediate possibility. Codfish eggs float, and so are either devoured by seabirds to a degree, or are likely to slide down the throats of other fish. The dogfish is their arch enemy.

The cod has a voracious appetite and the digestion of a goat. Also an immense curiosity. It likes bright glittery things and has been known to pick up queer bits of salvage off the ocean floor. That's where its larder is, for the cod is a ground-feeder. Strange tales have come out of the sea of items found wedged in its jaws or embedded in its stomach—such as a pocket mirror, a metal shuttle for weaving, or a diamond ring —any of which might have been shed by a mermaid.

Hardy seamen catch cod from inshore waters or offshore *banks,* throughout the year, though the main season is from March to October. The scene varies along the coast In some of the coves you may see a row of doll-size shanties, maybe a mere roof held up by four posts and curtained with canvas—shelters to house the fishermen who have hiked in for miles from the back concessions to bunk about dusk in padded corners until time to go out to sea in their dories. Often they beat the dawn by hours.

Shoving off in their dories, the men take the dried

Man, boy and beast, all help with the catch. Dog carts are common along the Gaspé.

Deft as a surgeon is the cod fisherman as he splits the fish and yanks out the insides.

. . . And Enriches the Dominion's Wartime Diet

Waiting to haul away the fish heads which are used as fertilizers, although some families live mainly on boiled heads and potatoes, which they pronounce "vair-ee goode."

Patient horses hitched to two-wheeled carts haul out the fish from the salting house to the "flakes", the racks where the cod is laid out to dry in the open air.

Pictures by W. V. Crich, F.R.P.S.

nets out to the trawler—a bigger boat anchored near the *banks*, on the deck of which are two rum-kegs, wooden celebrities reputed to have taken part in certain episodes at St. Pierre and Miquelon. There is also the long line, or trawl, to be thrown overboard, buoyed at each end by the kegs, and supporting shorter lines (called snoods) dangling down into the sea, like widely spaced fringe with baited hooks at the ends. The hooks are no longer than your thumb, for the cod—though a coarse fish—has a dainty mouth.

A small stove goes along with the men, about the size of a gallon can, in which they burn bits of driftwood and boil their tea. You do not see the expected flame-color from driftwood owing to its salty saturation. It sparkles like sea-fire, in weird blues and greens, and glints with a phosphorescent glow. A stone anchor is used. It may be just a large irregular piece of rock from the beach, through which the sea in its fury has pounded a hole, and by which it is hitched to the cable. A couple of husky men heave it over the side.

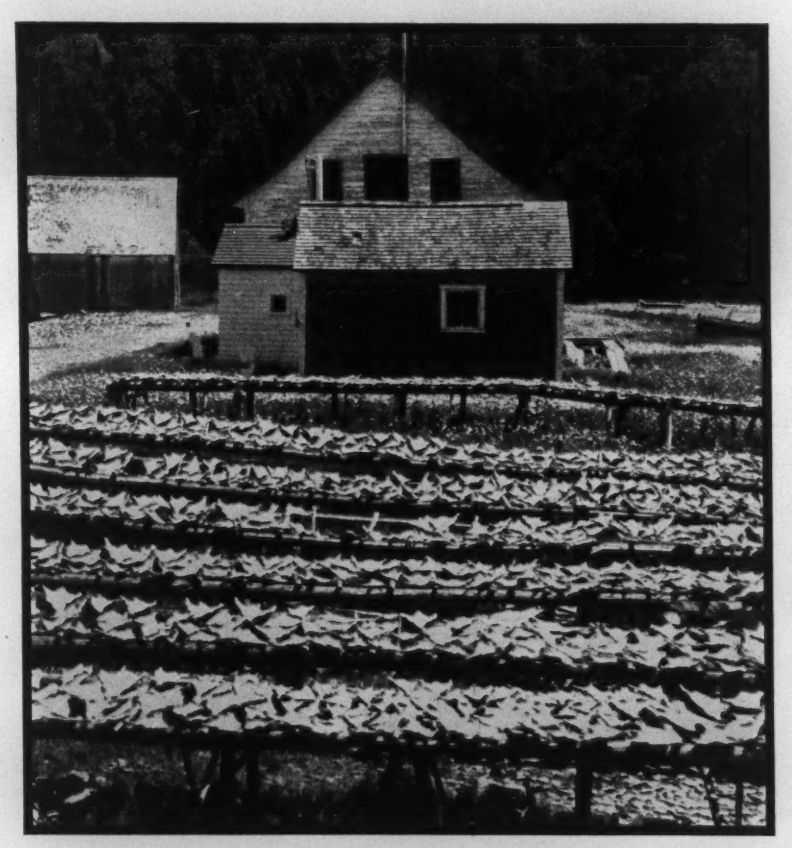
The dories are run by gasoline and some have colored sails. At one place on that rugged coast you may watch a fishing fleet slip out to sea at midnight. From that point, five light-houses may be seen and their revolving lights play on the red, and the orange, and the white sails in turn. Visible then vanishing—visible then vanishing—they seem like little phantom ships in a mirage.

The most picturesque part of the coast is at Percé where the great granite rock, thrown up by giants, guards the Eastern approach. Beaching their fish-laden boats while noisy flights of gulls that have followed the dories inshore, swarm around them, the fishermen undisturbed land their harvest. Standing at tables for chopping-blocks, they cut off the cods' heads, slit open their bodies and throw heads and entrails onto the beach.

To the tune of shrill screaming and the rhythm of wild wings, the hungry gulls clean up the beach in no time, and it stays clean till the next catch is brought in.

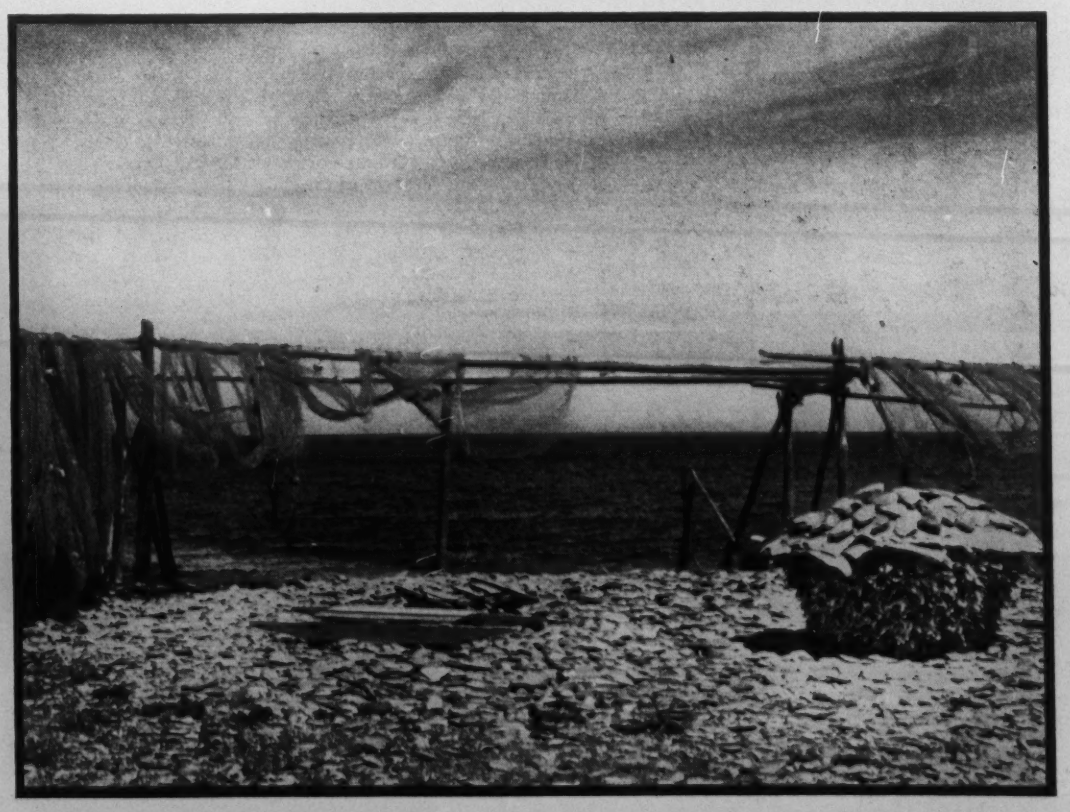
On shore the codfish, when thoroughly dried, are heaped in cairns ready for the buyer's visit. The buyer negotiates by the *quintal*, the unit of measurement there. A quintal is 112 lbs. "plus seven pounds allowed for sand and dirt." This stipulation has been included in fish bargains for centuries and is still being used.

Fishermen of Gaspé are born — not to the purple but to the seablue—starting as lads under their father's instruction, and acquiring skill while young. Adult outsiders find difficulty in making a living. They cannot easily crash the salt-sea gate. Fish at one time were caught and tossed into a boat like so much driftwood. Today's trained men know the value of careful handling of perishable food, and the necessity for speed in getting their catch to market.



Codfish takes the sun and air cure for a month or more. The fish are taken in every night and out again in the morning. Perfection of drying, rather than size, sets market grading.

Cod fishermen use the tools nature provides,—this primitive stone anchor, for instance.



Typical roadside scene: wind-blown nets and cairns of dried fish, protected by birchbark.

Japan's "Achilles Heel" is Shortage of Ships

BY D. G. JOHNSTON

The latest Japanese attempt to meet her shipping shortage is a frantic effort to produce wooden ships. Her situation is that she must choose between supplying her armed forces and going hungry. In the first seventeen months of the war the allies sank a third of her pre-war shipping tonnage. And she hasn't the iron and steel, and the skilled labor, to carry on the replacement program that has brought the allies through the crisis.

JAPAN, like Britain, is an island and must depend, therefore, upon ships for her raw materials and some of her food. But Japan has also a widespread empire, composed of the territories she has conquered in the last ten years. The defence of this empire, quite apart from any new military efforts, also calls for ships, not only ships to fight, but ships to supply her armies and air forces with their numerous requirements. Ever since the possibility of a "second front" in Europe began to be discussed, it has been widely recognized that shipping was the key. A "second front" calls for the diversion of millions of tons of ships from bringing food and raw materials to Britain. Japan to-day faces very much the same problem.

If Japan puts her all into a military effort, there is a deficiency of ships to exploit the vast territories which she has conquered and they become liabilities. If she diverts a minimum of shipping to military needs, there is a danger that the territories she hopes to exploit to strengthen her war industry will be insufficiently defended and fall before Anglo-American pressure. It is a "Hobson's choice" which could be avoided only in the way in which Britain and the U.S.A. are avoiding it—by tremendous construction of new ships providing a big surplus over losses.

Japan cannot, and does not, expect to solve her problem in this way, although she is making desperate efforts. Her capacity for shipbuilding in 1939 was 400,000 tons a year. At the outbreak of war it was estimated to be 450,000 tons. Great efforts have since been made to expand her ship construction, but it is doubtful whether even this will enable her to do more than keep pace with Allied sinkings. Up to March 18th of this year, her losses had been, according to Colonel Knox, 1,857,000 gross tons. This represented one-third of her pre-war merchant tonnage—lost in just over 16 months. Construction nowhere approached this figure, and even the ships captured by Japan during her successful campaigns did not compensate for her losses. She made much propaganda play with Axis shipping which came into her hands at the outbreak of war, estimated at 250,000 tons, mostly German.

But much of this was composed of vessels intended as blockade runners or merchant cruisers. Many of them have been intercepted and captured or sunk by the British navy. Every blockade runner intercepted is a blow not only at Germany but at Japan.

The Japanese themselves have no illusions about the weakest point in their war plans. Ginjiro Fujiwara, former Minister of Commerce, said in an interview in the Tokio *Asahi*, "Somehow or other we must vastly increase building in Japan. But where is the iron to come from? We must be prepared to scrap unneeded machinery, which is now in good condition, but which eight or ten years hence would in any case be no good, and sacrifice it to the necessities of the next year or two. Even so, we shall not have enough shipping . . . we must build wooden ships." And again, Captain Hiraide, Japanese naval spokesman, said recently "Japan's merchant marine must be increased five-fold in tonnage in order to cater effectively for the requirements of inter-change of goods among the various parts of the Co-Prosperity Sphere."

Good Machines Scrapped

In August 1941, a plan was announced which virtually placed ships, seamen and shipbuilding under State management, but it was not until a year ago that the major drive to increase shipbuilding in Japan was organized. A subsidy for establishing new yards was granted, loans extended to cover the construction of wooden ships and sailing ships with motors and the entire shipping industry placed under the Japanese traffic Ministry which was given absolute power over every angle of the shipping industry. The policy of building standardized ships was introduced.

Last July, shipbuilding was made the A1 priority and further re-organization designed to increase the output of ships has taken place since. But all these measures have failed to produce the shipping required, chiefly because of the shortage of iron and steel. The premature scrapping of perfectly good machinery is the measure of the lengths to which the Japanese are prepared to go.

Japanese speakers have made much play with the construction of wooden ships to take the place of iron and steel ones, but there is good evidence that only the initial stages of the wooden shipbuilding program have been undertaken. Shipbuilding yards at Hong Kong and Singapore have been brought into use and the launching of the first ships was heralded with trumpets in November and December 1942. But the shortage of materials and, to a degree, of skilled labour, handicaps the yards in the conquered territories no less than in Japan.

The Japanese announced that they would have 7,500,000 tons of ships by March 1943. But a statement before the Budget Committee in February last said "The Japanese merchant marine is being maintained at substantially the same level as at the outbreak of war." The spokesman made some play with the number of ships being constructed, but was careful to avoid reference to their size. Even if the total tonnage of ships remains the same, the number of long-distance ocean going ships has been reduced by Allied sinkings.

In fact Japan has been forced by Anglo-American strategy to make her choice. The shipping has had to be diverted from normal merchant use to military needs. Tojo announced that freighters returning from the Southern areas had brought 1,800,000 tons of raw materials. The figure sounds big, perhaps, until it is remembered that in 1936, Japan imported about 28,000,000 tons of merchandise. There were reports of 12,000,000 tons of cargo waiting for shipment to Japan from the Southern areas—waiting for ships which had to be diverted to military needs to meet the Anglo-American thrusts.

Only One Choice

If Japan could dictate Allied strategy, she would ask only for one thing—a pause in military operations to allow her to divert shipping from military to industrial cargoes. Given a year, perhaps, to use her shipping for this purpose, she would feel confident of building up in Japan such a war industry that she could reasonably hope to fight at least for a draw. British and American strategy is partly dictated by the need of preventing this happening. It is not only a question of conquering islands and bases, but of forcing Japan to fight far from her war industry and thus waste her limited shipping strength, a wastage which will eventually be decisive.

Japan's shortage of shipping does not mean that she will not be able to fight desperately. The fighting forces will get all the shipping they want at the expense of the civilian. The Japanese worker will go short of rice while there is a surplus in Thailand and the Thailand worker will go without the smallest manufactured articles while there is a surplus of them in Japan. The position will, of course, become more acute as the Anglo-American naval and air attacks upon Japanese shipping increase in intensity.

This British sailor knows he'll get a warm reception from the crew. He is bringing the rum ration on deck.

Are you getting enough of these?

TODAY, we owe it not only to ourselves, but to our country, to keep physically fit. Every man, woman, and child should have a health programme—one carefully adjusted to his physical condition, age, and working hours. It should embrace *sleep, rest, recreation, exercise, and a nutritious diet*. Below are suggestions concerning the first three of these requisites of good health.

SLEEP?

Sleep is a great healer. It eases the work of the vital organs and gives the body time to mend worn-out tissues and build new ones. Most adults require eight hours of sleep daily. Children need considerably more, especially in the early 'teens. Refreshing sleep comes more easily when you avoid excitement or hard physical or mental work just before bedtime. Those whose work requires daytime sleep should especially be shielded from the worst enemies of sleep—*light* and *noise*.

REST?

Enough sleep—especially tossing, fretful sleep—is not necessarily enough rest. Have you ever tried to relax completely? When you are completely relaxed, asleep or awake, the restorative powers of the body can get at their work of overcoming fatigue. The habit of complete relaxation for even brief periods is worth while cultivating in these days of hard work and taut nerves. Letting both mind and body relax at odd moments throughout the day helps conserve energy for *important* tasks.

RECREATION?

Even amidst the grim business of war, Canada plans carefully for recreational facilities for our armed forces. Recreation is equally important for civilians. Hobbies are excellent and so are sports, reading, music—whatever *you* call fun. Try to get some of your recreation out of doors in the sunshine. For example, *plant a Victory Garden!* This year, tending a vegetable garden is not only healthful recreation, but an important contribution toward winning the war.

Metropolitan will send you upon request a leaflet containing suggestions for your physical fitness programme. Ask for, "Blueprint for Health."

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Get tough! Slaughter fleas quick! We use the ONE-TWO System. *One*, a bath with SKIP-FLEA Soap. . . . *Two*, regular dusting with SKIP-FLEA Powder. Kills fleas and eggs, keeps off new invaders.

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THE LIGHTER SIDE

A Neighborly Poll on Union

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

YOU may have noticed that practically all the comment on Speaker Clark's recent radio speech came from this side of the border. Early in the controversy however it occurred to me that it might be a good idea to discover by the poll method what the neighbors themselves thought of the proposal to move in on them. So I sat down at once and wrote (air mail) to a group of friends, relatives, acquaintances and utter strangers listed in an old Manhattan and Bronx telephone directory. I framed my question as simply as possible: "What is your opinion of political union between Canada and the United States?" The replies began to come in immediately and after reading them over I am more convinced than ever that it is impossible to invent a non-leading question, whatever the Gallup sponsors say; also that it is unwise to point a question under the misapprehension that it may not be loaded.

"I am a loyal American citizen," writes Dr. H. A., a dentist living in Wisconsin, "and I will resist to the last drop of my blood the annexation of the United States by Canada. I am loyal to my country, my President and my flag, and while I admire and respect the British Empire I will never submit to being absorbed by it."

Mr. S. P., an editor in Milwaukee, writes with some bitterness, "After reading the Canadian newspaper correspondence on Leader Clark's suggestion can only say that if Canadians don't like our country why don't they stay where they came from?"

"I am entirely against it," writes Mr. P. R., a research experimentalist in coal-tar derivatives living in Los Angeles, "the abolition of tariffs would be a harsh injustice to our Western industrialists and the free exchange of weather would undoubtedly ruin the Southern trade resorts."

Mrs. T. M., a native of North Carolina, writes rather unexpectedly, "It was most generous of you to offer us Canada, but I do not think we would be altogether wise to accept it. Frankly I do not know what we would do with it or how we could place such a large, handsome and expensive gift so that it would show to advantage. We could of course leave it where it is but this would probably involve large storage charges over an indefinite period. Personally I would be in favor of declining, though reluctantly, the offer of the Dominion.

"If you could however send me a card of bobby pins (medium brown) I would be most grateful. They are almost impossible to obtain from any of our local merchants."

Mr. A. R., a staunch Republican living in Schenectady, writes rather irritably:

"Why can't you people leave well enough alone? I have the greatest admiration and respect for Canada but prefer to keep it as a foreign country where it would be possible to take up residence in case of a Fourth Presidential Term.

"At the same time I am strongly in favor of the lowering of tariffs and restrictions and a free exchange of our natural resources as a gesture of international good-will. How would you people feel about exchanging, say, the Dionne Quintuplets for the Roosevelt boys?"

Mrs. S. P., a housewife from the Bronx, writes: "The girls in our Recreation Club and I have been talking things over and we think we would rather feel there was still a country we could go to and maybe organize a bingo club if we felt like it without Mayor LaGuardia sending in the police to break it up."

A rather mysterious communication from a punch press operator on the West Coast says: "Union with Canada would mean a lot of visas, trade restrictions, high tariffs, red tape, and sending our children to school with a million (approximately) disfranchised Esquimaux."

My final communication comes from Mrs. T. L., living in Detroit.

"I have just been to see poor old Mrs. Abbey who lives in the corner house—the one with the pink stucco front, you probably remember her," she writes. "She fell while whitewashing the cellar and the doctor says she will have to have her leg in a cast (double compound fracture) at least six months. The rest of us are all well except your Cousin Arnold who still has a touch of his old sinus."

I have listed Mrs. T. L.'s reply under "No Opinion." As you can see the remainder of the group are solidly anti-Union. The moral I think is obvious: Don't start kicking the Welcome mat around too soon. It may not have been put out for you anyway.

Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather, creator of "Old Bill" in the last war, pays tribute to the Flying Fortress "Old Bill". Though badly battered, the plane was brought safely home by three uninjured members out of its crew of 12.

Look at a Fighting Ship

you see Northern Electric at WAR

No, we don't build Canada's fighting ships . . . *our* job is to supply the miles of wires and cables . . . the protective devices . . . the electrical fittings and control equipment so vital to their operation. The men who go down to the sea are receiving our best—to the end that the thousands of Canadian homes whom they so proudly represent will be safe—and happy—when they return victorious. The hands of Northern Electric are working for full-out victory, just as surely, competently, as the hands that man the guns, the ships, the tanks, the planes. Their purpose is one and the same . . . a Total War, to earn a Total Peace. When that time arrives, and grant it may be soon, the hands of Northern Electric will return to the normal accomplishments of a national electrical service.

INFORMATION

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Northern Electric

AND ITS EMPLOYEES

IN WAR AND IN PEACE—A NATIONAL ELECTRICAL SERVICE

THE OTTAWA LETTER

It's Easy to Give Your Goods Away

BY G. C. WHITTAKER

A NICE thing about giving your possessions away instead of selling or trading them is that you avoid all the sordid, wearisome, and delaying business of haggling over terms. It's a clean transaction, easily and quickly executed. A mission from Moscow came here by air last week to arrange about Russia's share in Canada's billion dollars' worth of untrammelled aid for the United Nations. Before the week was out it was on its way back to Moscow with the preliminary, and even more than the preliminary, terms settled. Mr. Stalin's Minister to Canada went back home with the mission and no doubt will return as quickly to Ottawa with the Soviet Government's approval of what has been arranged. Had we been selling the goods instead of making a gift of them wherever recipient United Nations do not find it convenient to provide a quid pro quo, the mission probably would have been here for a month.

Nothing has been said officially about the arrangements made between the mission from Moscow and the Ottawa government, but we are able to hint that a very large part of Canada's assistance to Russia in the current fiscal year under the Ottawa government's mutual aid plan will be in the form of wheat. This is because the Russians want food as much and perhaps more than they want anything else except a second land front in Europe. It is recognized in Ottawa as well as in London and Washington that Russia's food supply is one of the foremost problems for the United Nations. We have it from quarters that are in a position to know, that the quantities of wheat we will be supplying to Russia during the next eight or ten months can properly be described as huge, but we are not at liberty to come any closer to the actual quantities it is proposed to send. We are also advised that shipping space for the movement of the grain presents no serious problem.

Others to Share

But we are not putting all our gift wheat into one basket. According to the latest estimate we should have a store of 649,000,000 bushels of wheat at August 1. Minister of Agriculture Gardiner figures that this year's harvest will raise the supply available for export to 900,000,000 bushels. Large portions of this supply are being tagged for other countries, including countries the United Nations hope to liberate soon from German enslavement.

Here once again the job devolves upon us, and improperly we think, of attempting to amplify and clarify cloudy and incomplete statements of members of the Government. When ministers have had parliamentary assistants added to their large retinues of helpers we feel justified in protesting against having so frequently to fill the gaps in ministerial pronouncements. Speaking before a farm conference in Chicago Mr. Gardiner said that he and his associates were confident that these vast stocks of Canadian wheat would be required "at a return which will tend to remove the greatest problem we have in Canada, namely, that of providing a cost of living return to our wheat growers." What he failed to say was where this return was to come from. Little or none of it apparently will come from Russia for the wheat we are to supply to that country under out mutual aid program. Nor can we expect any of it to come from robbed and impoverished France, Belgium, Holland, the Balkan countries or Scandinavia when the Germans are driven out. These and China are the places where our wheat will be required.

The only place from which a return such as Mr. Gardiner speaks of could conceivably come would be a United Nations' pool for providing succor for liberated countries and for providing aid to Allied countries apart from that which Canada is undertaking to supply directly under our mutual aid program. If Mr. Gardiner is correct in anticipating a return for our surplus wheat which will remove our problem of providing a cost of living revenue for our wheat growers he must be counting on such of the United Nations as have the money (mainly Britain, the United States, and Canada herself) buying the wheat for supply free of charge to liberated countries and paying us for it.

Cost-of-Living Return

Canadian wheat growers will get a cost of living return, as Mr. Gardiner says, but in the case of the wheat we give to Russia and in that of our share of relief to liberated countries the return will come out of our own pockets. For the rest it will come, not from those who require our wheat, but from our friends who will be associated with us in relieving the hunger of those who are restored to freedom. Mr. Gardiner might have explained this himself instead of putting his statement in terms which suggested that somehow we would be receiving a return for our wheat which would solve one of our major domestic economic problems, from countries which will require the grain but obviously will have no means of paying for it.

Among those who have been waiting in line for hotel rooms in Canada's crowded capital lately are agents of various United States oil companies who have come here to find out what if anything there may be for these companies in the big wartime emergency oil development in the Fort Norman area of the North West Territories. It looks as if they had come too late but perhaps they never could have come early enough. Our own Imperial Oil Company appears to be in not only on the ground floor but on all the other floors. Nothing very definite is being said officially about the development since the lifting of the censorship two weeks ago on the open secret that it was in progress, but it is known that Imperial has been opening up the field under a contractual arrangement with the United States army for which the oil is primarily required. Whether any other companies will be allowed to participate in the emergency development or whether Imperial acquires any vested or overholding rights in this oil resource through the arrangement are questions about which official quarters evidently prefer to be silent.

Proprietary Interest

Nor is there any disclosure in definite terms of the extent to which Canada's proprietary interest in the Fort Norman oil field has been covered in arrangements between Ottawa and Washington providing for carrying out of the development by the United States army with United States Government money. It has been intimated, however, that this consideration has not been entirely overlooked. We may have to wait a while to learn what ownership disposition is eventually to be made of the oil wells, the pipelines, and the big refinery being built at White Horse. The important thing now is that the field is to provide a source of oil for military requirements in the common cause. Eventually, no doubt, the oil will help to speed civil commercial development of the great north west territory about which ambitious pioneers have been dreaming for a generation.

Some observers on Parliament Hill are now predicting that no social security legislation will be passed at the present session. We consider this prediction to be somewhat belated. At any rate, it seemed to us, when the government announced in the Speech from the Throne at the opening of the session that steps would be taken in the direction of a social security program, that the time to anticipate that its interest in the matter would not be translated into legislation at this session was then. One reason for this, as we mentioned at the time, was that the government had no social security plan of its own and another reason was that the political advantage which the government would naturally expect to accrue from a comprehensive measure for social security could largely be lost by bad timing. Political advantage from the actual enactment of such a measure should be greatest if the enactment came as close as possible to the eve of a general election. And the government has not for some time been in a position to determine just when it could or should bring on an election. Besides which, much the same advantage should accrue from a pre-election promise of a social security program to be implemented immediately after the return of the government making the promise.

Gracie Fields whose work and art are discussed in an article on page nine.

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GREAT LAKES CRUISES

Gracie Fields: Wartime Ambassador

Who has not felt the charm—largely the result of consummate and experienced artistry—of the great English variety actress and singer, Gracie Fields, who has given so generously of her work and talents in Canada and the United States during the war?

This study is the work of Professor A. E. Prince, M.A., B.Litt., of the Department of History at Queen's University, who happens also to be Lecturer in Church History at Queen's Theological College.

BY A. E. PRINCE

TOO often dramatic criticism restricts its seal of approval of "great art" to performance of high Shakespearian tragedy, tense social problem plays, and sophisticated "society" dramas. Should not tribute be paid also to Gracie Fields for her superb artistry as a *comedienne* and *raconteuse*—and for her invaluable work as an unofficial ambassador and interpreter of the English people to the Americas?

Britain rightly sends diplomats, statesmen, labor leaders, novelists, economists to the United States and Canada. But probably few individuals from overseas have a wider, more moving appeal than Gracie Fields with her art of song, story and burlesque impersonation. The felicitous combination of laughing, robust humor and popular catchy tunes with a message of passionate patriotism leaves a deep impress on public sentiment. It is a sheer joy to hear her jolly greeting on the "Victory" Program, "Hullo everybody everywhere. It's me again with some songs and a bit of a story for yer," and the bright colorful pattern unwinds with its sequence of jokes and songs, the Salute of the United Nations to the guest country of the evening (crystallizing in a pithy and poignant anecdote the contribution of, say, Greece), a Sousa March, and finally the community singing of the refrain "All for one and one for all."

Tensions may come and tensions may go between American and British "experts" on issues such as the North African political situation or post-war airways competition. The pulse of the American people beats more strongly and warmly for aid to the British people, their brothers-in-arms, because of the "Lancashire Lassie," Gracie Fields, not merely in her rousing scarlet-bannered rendition of "There'll Always be an England," but also in her soft pastel-colored song-symbols of "The Nightingale in Berkeley Square" and of "London Pride"; this latter is a gem of controlled sentiment with its evocation of London's bombed vacant, open spaces, and the spiritual closing of plebeian and patrician ranks "from Brixton to Belgravia."

Inimitable

Her art is inimitable, within its comparatively restricted compass of a "comedy of manners." She knows the value of repetition, singing the same songs frequently, but never quite in the same way; she is aware that adults are but "children of a larger growth," and like children love to hear the old favorite phrases over and over again. Gracie rings the changes on time-old "gags" and conventional vaudeville motifs, mothers-in-law, close-fisted, tight-lipped Scots, and Yorkshire friends and rivals from the neighboring county, the monocled southerner with his so-called "Oxford accent," and the truculent "paternalism" of army sergeant-majors! But she has a vein of new up-to-date jokes about rationing, black-outs, etc., told with gusto and point. Her monologues and burlesque imitations of landladies and the like are delivered with the naturalness of a great actress.

Gracie never poses or cultivates affected behavior, except in parodies. Her abounding high spirits occasionally effervesce over into a Lancastrian variant of Rabelaisianism, which, as Eric Knight has recalled, streaks the mill-girl product of the Industrial Revolution. But Gracie also reveals the innate kindliness and readiness to help of the Lancashire breed, the sensitiveness to natural beauty, the love of flowers, pigeons and whippets, the fearlessness of the colliers who go down to the depths and the darkness of the coal mines, and hew away the lumps of "black diamonds," or in war dig trenches thrice as quickly as their white-collar comrades. Indeed she is worthy of the highest praise in the Lancashire dialect, that of being "a gradely lass" and "jannock." A robust red-blooded being, she has the Peter Pan spirit; age will never wither her nor Hollywood custom stale her infinite variety.

As for her musicianship, she can hold up her head and raise her voice amongst the leading lyric sopranos of the concert halls, despite the rough treatment accorded that organ in her comic numbers. The flute-like quality of her coloratura songs and of her high obbligato passages, floating over her male chorus, is a thing of beauty, as also is her exquisite imitation of the vibrant tone of a violin, e.g. in her "Broken Violinist" song. Few sing better Elgar's "Land of Hope and Glory" or the "White Cliffs of Dover"; she has an uncanny gift of vivid visualization herself, and of imparting it to her audience.

Her voice is a most flexible instrument, whether it is conveying human affection or admiration, or reproducing the bark of the sergeant-major, the querulous whinings of the naughty or tired child, the gruff hoarseness or hiccoughings of the toper, the shrill whistle of the news-boy, the simpering silkiness of the amateur singer at a village concert or the Wagnerian exuberances of the professional opera artist. Gracie has created for us a varied gallery of portraits, seldom etched in acid, a series of vignettes of heroic human qualities and foibles. She has long been "England's Darling," and now she is fast becoming America's. In gratitude "the United Nations salute you. On to victory. Chins up. Keep smiling."

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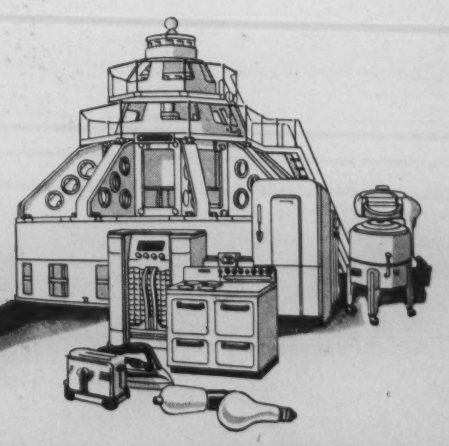


ELECTRICITY—KEY TO CANADA'S ★ FIFTH FREEDOM

American Opinion Swinging From Isolationism

BY WILFRID SANDERS

Isolationism has taken a tremendous beating in the unofficial head-countings held recently in the United States by the Gallup Poll organization, says Mr. Sanders, who is an official of the G.P.

And the verdicts of these inquiries have been confirmed by many other sources. The Americans are disposed to take a very considerable hand in the restoration and reconstruction of the world after this war.

WHAT may turn out to be one of the most important reversals in mass opinion in history was given quiet, largely unnoticed, expression last winter.

At the time of the United States Congressional vote last November, Massachusetts voters found on their ballots a proposal to instruct members of the State Legislature to urge on the President and Congress the advisability of calling, "at the earliest possible moment," a convention of "all free peoples" with the object of framing "a federal constitution under which they may unite in a Democratic World Government". Such instructions would be interpreted as advisory only.

The proposal facing Massachusetts voters embodied much of the "Union Now" idea, and went a considerable step further, since the political union was not only to include Britain and the United States, but "all free peoples".

The result of the voting on this suggestion was described by the Boston *Globe* as "a quiet landslide". It received the support of no less than three out of every four voters, with Democrats and Republicans giving it equal degrees of support.

Here was public opinion in one small state. But the vote in Massachusetts did no more than confirm a phenomenon which nation-wide public opinion polls had been putting on record for months.

The phenomenon was this; American public opinion, whose isolationism has been blamed for failure of the League of Nations to maintain world peace, has discarded isolationism to the extent that it is willing,—anxious, in fact—to see the United States taking its full responsibility as an important influence in maintaining world peace, and by force of arms, if necessary.

To get the full significance of this abrupt *volte face* on the part of the ordinary everyday American voters, it is necessary to compare today's opinions with those set forth by James Monroe in December, 1823:

"Our policy in regard to Europe," states the famous message which for over a hundred years has been the basis for United States traditional policy, "remains the same, which is not to interfere in the internal concerns of any of its powers; to consider the government de facto as the legitimate government for us; to cultivate friendly relations with it, and to preserve those relations. . . .

"In the wars of the European powers in matters relating to themselves we have never taken any part, nor does it comport with our policy to do so."

Polls the Proof

The essence of that policy, its mood and spirit, was alive in 1920 when the United States Congress refused to ratify the Versailles treaty and to join the League.

It persisted until a much more recent date. In 1937, the American Institute of Public Opinion (with which the Canadian, British, Australian, and Swedish Institutes are affiliated) began sounding out public opinion in the United States on participation of that country in a league of nations. Since much of international post-war planning is based on some variation of a league idea, there is little chance of exaggerating the significance of the changes which the Institute has found in the views of the American people since 1937. These changes are shown in the following table, the figures being based on the four persons in every five who had an opinion on the issue:

	Favor U.S. in League %	Oppose %
October, 1937 ..	33	67
July, 1941	50	50
July, 1942	73	27

While obviously the brutality and sheer viciousness of Pearl Harbor dealt a tremendous blow to U.S. isolationism, it is apparent from the above that it was bending at the knees even before that historic event.

The Republican party has been the historic foe of "foreign entanglements" and it was a Republican bloc which was largely responsible for keeping the United States from League participation in 1920. So that changes in the sentiment of the G.O.P.'s rank and file supporters becomes of particular interest. This table gives the opinions of Republican supporters only, on the League idea:

Republican Voters Only

	Favor U.S. in League %	Oppose %
October, 1937 ..	23	77
July, 1941	44	56
July, 1942	70	30

Again, in March of this year, the U.S. Gallup Poll took this issue to a carefully selected cross-section across the country:

"Should the government take steps now, before the end of the war, to set up, with our allies, a world organization to maintain the future peace of the world?"

A few years ago, such a suggestion would have been anathema to the majority. But in this year of grace, 64 per cent said yes, such steps should be taken; only 24 per cent said no, and 12 per cent said they were undecided. Among Republican voters, the "yes" vote was 63 per cent.

The poll has found, further, that an overwhelming majority of ordinary Americans favor requiring every young man to serve one year in the army or navy after the war. Could such an expression of opinion be imagined in the years preceding the war?

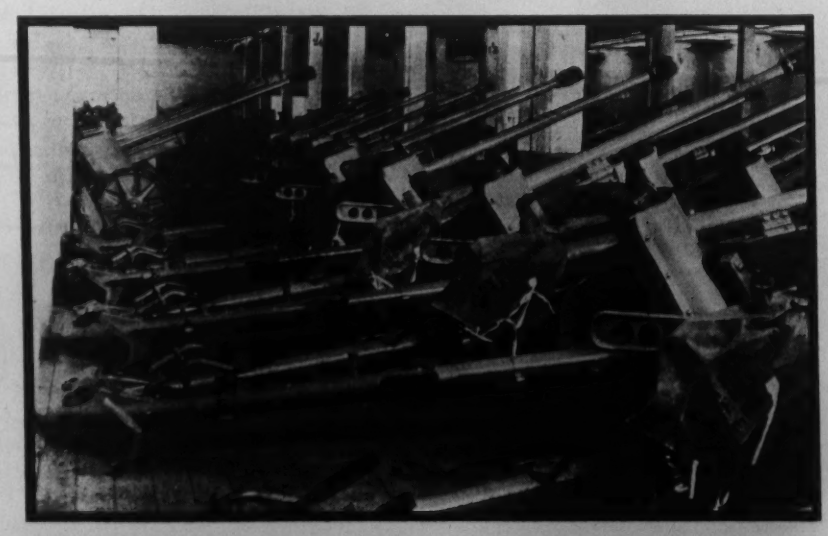
League of Nations

Other national opinion polls have revealed that this determination on the part of the average American, that the United States shall be an effective factor in post-war international affairs, is apparent in a variety of forms. For example, three out of every four Americans, taking all elements of the population in their right proportions, are prepared to have at least part of the United States army remain overseas for several years after the war if this is necessary to establish peace. Again, a majority of Americans have been found willing to continue paying higher taxes after the war to help finance organization of a world union, "even if the people of other countries couldn't afford to pay as much."

This general feeling among the U.S. public that their country should become a world force for peace when hostilities end is, as all worthwhile "conversions" should be, retroactive. In other words, the average American feels not only that the United States should, after this war, take a hand in international affairs, but that it should have done so in the past. Sixty-three per cent of those with an opinion on the subject replied "yes", with various degrees of emphasis, when asked: "Do you think we should have joined the League of Nations after the last war?"

If you asked, as the Poll has asked, everyday Americans today whether the countries now fighting the Axis should set up an international police force after the war, or whether the United States "should refuse to mix in other nations' affairs", you would find between seven and eight voting for the police force, in every ten interviewed, and only one or two in every ten adhering to the "Monroe Motif", as somebody has called it.

When the brave new world begins to take definite shape at the peace tables, it should not be public opinion which stands in the way of world organization.



Booty captured in the North African campaign is at the present time being sorted, inspected and reconditioned for future use. Here are seen a large number of German 50 m.m. Anti-tank guns awaiting re-issue.

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The College-Bred Officer Returning From War

BY JAMES STRETTON

This article, by an officer who has been on active service and was invalided home, is a statement of the relatively difficult position which will be faced by the young men who went into the service straight from the universities, and who therefore have no guaranteed employment to return to after the war.

The problem is one of the most serious in the whole category of postwar readjustments, and as "James Stretton" points out, not only the officers but the nation will lose immeasurably if a solution is not found.

AMID all this high-flown verbiage which is drifting around us on the topic of post-war reconstruction, I wish to enter a plea for a special class. I refer to the young commissioned officers of the three fighting services. I think that no one will deny the right of this group to be heard, nor their right to consideration.

The press is constantly giving accounts of the heroism of young sub-lieutenants and lieutenants of the Canadian Navy. Lads, many of whom should still be in school, shock us into humility by their gallantry and decision.

The terrible, magnificent drama of Dieppe showed the world that the officers of the Canadian Army were not driving their men ahead of them, but were taking the lead, where the fight was most desperate. Look over the casualty lists, and you will see that, proportionately, the officers actually suffered more than the men. And the rest of us all take off our hats to the officers of the R.C.A.F. Around the world they are upholding the grand name they made for themselves in the last war.

Never Had Jobs

These statements are made without any attempt to belittle the man in the ranks. This fighting job is a matter of partnership between the two groups. The officer's task is only to lead the men, and control their action.

But just consider for a minute the problems that will face us officers, if and when we return, when the battle is finished.

The average man will have a job waiting for him when he marches home. This same fellow probably left school at sixteen, and worked for several years before he enlisted or was called up. The firm which then employed him will be expected to rehire him when he is discharged. That he has a right to expect.

But a large proportion of the commissioned officers graduated from universities and colleges right into the services. Many of them had not even finished their courses. No one is holding a place for them.

For instance, take the case of a man who trained for a profession. He did not take time to establish himself. He went to war.

If he is a doctor, he will find that his profession will be swamped when demobilization comes. The men who had already built up their practices before the war will go back to their old offices. There will be no room for the many who were poured out of the medical colleges to meet the demands of the hour.

Engineers will be in the same case. A mammoth war industry has made tremendous demands on this profession. With the cessation of hostilities, production will dwindle. There will be little enough to keep occupied all the experts now employed in civilian undertakings. What will the thousands discharged from the services do for a living?

Only Board is Paid

The same problem will probably be true all along the line. Lawyers will come back to find that they have no demand to meet. Trained teachers will return to find the schools overstaffed.

But the majority of us were not trained for any profession. We were hoping to find opportunity in business and commercial venture. Again, the unnatural war development will leave behind it shrunken businesses, oversupplied with executive and administrative personnel.

So peace seems bound to find the land filled with young men, who carried the weight of the responsibility on the firing lines, without a place for them in the land they defended.

True, the Government has made some provision for the payment of a subsidy while the discharged men are unemployed. This is a fine provision to make, but it is not a substitute for opportunity.

This allowance also applies to those who wish to continue their education. The difficulty is that it gives a man enough only for board and shelter, with nothing left over to pay tuition and purchase textbooks. Under the present arrangement only those with other resources will be able to go back to school or university. That will only look after a few.

The rest, left stranded by the passing of war, will have only two alternatives, unless the country solves the problem. They may submerge their talents and tried leadership ability, and work at whatever is at hand—dig ditches, sweep floors, or push a wheelbarrow. Or they may expatriate themselves—take their talents to some other land where they will receive a more suitable reward.

The country should not expect to place us all in unsuitable employ. Men who have served in important positions in the heat of battle could not accept gracefully a fundamentally inadequate place on their return. "Meet my office boy, Major Jones. He is a D.S.O., you know." Or "Call Lieutenant-Commander Smith, the janitor." They would probably not complain, but it hardly seems fair.

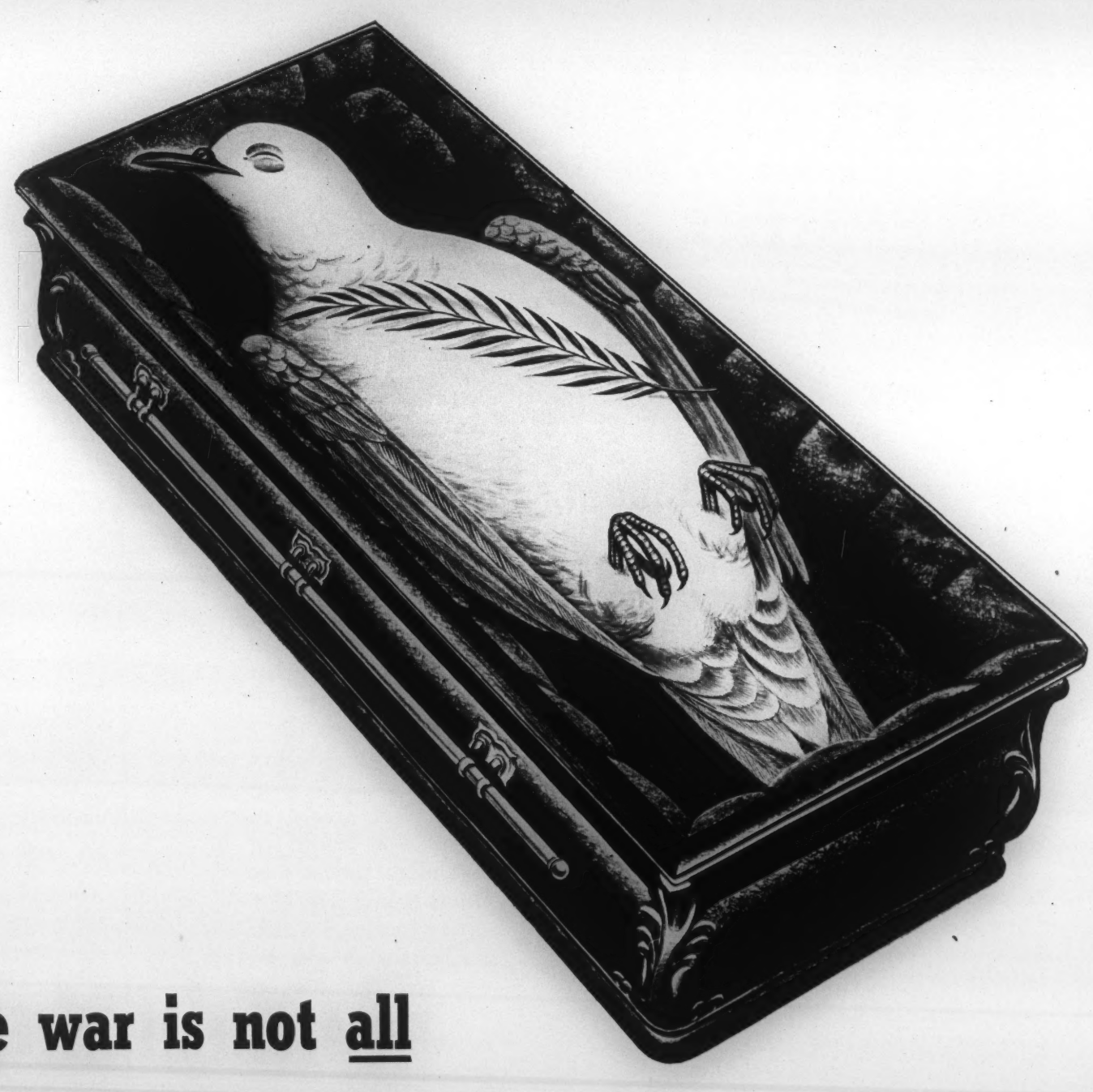
The second alternative would be even more disastrous to the country than the first. This would rob us mainly of the professional men. Have you ever stopped to consider what a loss this would be? Entirely aside from the cultural and scientific advancement these men bring to us, each one who leaves our boundaries represents actual hard cash gone to limbo.

Taxpayer Has an Interest

To give a man professional education costs him or his parents a considerable sum of money. But the taxpayer also pays. Taking a very conservative estimate, the state and the people contribute at least $5,000 toward his training. The municipality and the province share the cost of his primary and secondary education. The province, and the endowment of individuals and corporations, share the expense of his undergraduate and postgraduate courses in university. Individuals and state alike consider this a form of investment in the future. It is a way of investing in Canada. For every 200 of these lads who hunt fortunes in far places, Canada loses a million dollars.

This is our problem. We are all passionately fond of our fatherland. Most of us never realized just how much it meant until Hitler shook our complacency. Our ancestors built a country for us, and we want a share in our birthright. On the other hand, we want a chance to make the most of our lives.

We are not worrying very much about this just now. We have our hands full with the job of the hour. We leave the problem for those whose business it is to consider such matters. But sometimes, in off minutes, we wonder, "What will become of us?"



The war is not all that rumours can lose

WINNING this war is Canada's No. 1 Job.

But Victory will scarcely be worth the blood and treasure it has cost unless it brings, not an armistice, but a just, lasting peace under which all men everywhere will be free.

Writing such a peace will not be easy under any circumstances. And the enemy is already scheming to make it impossible.

Through rumours, he is attempting *now* to sow the seeds of distrust, dissension, hatred, and greed among the United Nations, and thus to gain not only a peace more advantageous to himself, but the opportunity someday again to threaten the world.

It is possible for the enemy to succeed. It is our responsibility to see that he fails.

Never before was it so important for you, and every other Rumour-Warden, to weigh carefully every rumour that comes to your ears, and to question as Berlin-born any that tends to cast suspicion or discredit on either our own government or our Allies'.

Never before was it so important for you to point out to people who innocently repeat rumours the imperative need not to repeat them again—to scotch all rumours before they are well started.

Do this—and you will not only be helping to win *this* war—you will be helping to make impossible the birth of another.

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THE HITLER WAR

Knocking Out the Ruhr

BY WILLSON WOODSIDE

AS I write the Battle of the Ruhr holds all attention, though I shall be only too happy if by the time this is read a new move in the Mediterranean has taken the spotlight.

There are several main aspects to the Ruhr assault which make an interesting study: the success which we are having in knocking out this industrial empire, the resources which we possess to continue the battle, the importance of the Ruhr to Germany in maintaining her armies on every European front, and the effect of our bombing on German morale.

No better indication of our success could be desired than the bleat of the German radio last Saturday that "the Ruhr is not really very important anyway." Proof of this importance, on the other hand, is convincingly given by the constant strengthening of German anti-aircraft and fighter defences from the coast right through to Dortmund and Cologne.

The struggle within the Ruhr has been "far more intense," our airmen say, during this latest offensive than during previous ones. The British Air Ministry estimates that the Germans are now using no fewer than 1000 fighter planes and 30,000 anti-aircraft guns in a vain attempt to cover these precious targets. And on the second Wuppertal raid a Canadian air gunner said he counted nine different cones of 30 to 40 searchlights each.

The German defence effort may be "vain" in that it has failed to halt the raids or even lessen the destruction. But there can be no doubt but that the defences are most formidable, and they appear to be inflicting on us a rising percentage of loss. A person who knows about these things told me recently that while the British were concentrating their efforts on developing the radiolocation of approaching aeroplanes, the Germans were working towards controlling their anti-aircraft fire by much the same method.

I recall a report some time ago from fliers returned from Berlin that the Germans had opened up a heavy barrage, with considerable accuracy, before switching on any searchlights. If this method had been completely successful, they would of course have abandoned the use of searchlights, with all the equipment and personnel required, and the loss of both suffered in every raid. Actually they still prefer to shoot at visible targets, and the way in which they neatly pass along our planes from one searchlight to another across the Ruhr indicates that these, too, are radio-controlled. I have heard from several airmen of searchlights being suddenly switched on, trained accurately on them in advance.

What proportion of our planes are lost to anti-aircraft fire, and what proportion to night fighters could not be exactly known, though our aerial leaders must have a pretty close idea. In practice the two defence methods supplement each other, as bombers which have been damaged by flak and have lost speed and maneuverability — say through having one or two engines knocked out—are easier prey for the night fighters.

Night Fighters Get Most

The feeling one gets from studying published reports is that the greater part of our losses come from night fighter attack, on the way home. This received at least partial confirmation in the raid on Friedrichshafen, on Lake Constanz, last week, when our bombers did not retrace their course homeward, but flew on to Tunisia instead, entirely without loss. But there may have been no more than 50 machines concerned in this experiment.

By increasing fighter production at the expense of bomber production —which this commentary predicted four months ago—the Germans have been able to temporarily increase their fighter defences in North-West Germany. But this is a one-time gain; when its advantage is exhausted the enemy will have to draw fighter strength directly from the Russian and Mediterranean battlegrounds. He may, in fact, already have done this to some extent.

That may make our task harder over the Ruhr and Western Germany, but it will make it easier in Russia and the Mediterranean. And it provides a perfect example of how Germany has lost the initiative. Her air strength is so tied down covering the homeland that she can neither transfer enough to Russia to support a new land offensive there, nor strike back at the airfields in Britain from which the mighty blows are being launched which are hitting her at the heart.

No Big German Reserve

The fact that in all of 1943 she has only been able to send 1400 planes, half of them Focke-Wulf fighter-bombers, over Britain, with about 1000 tons of bombs, should dispose forever of the myth that she still has a great bombing force held somewhere in reserve for a surprise blow. If she had, no task could be more important for it than to stop this offensive of ours against her war production and—most vulnerable target of all, many believe—her home front morale.

As it is, Nazi leaders and newspapers can only talk darkly about retaliation "some day," and Goebbels only threatened in his last speech, made in the ruins of Wuppertal, that this would be "twice" as heavy as our attack. There was a time, back in 1940, when Hitler thundered that for every ton of bombs the RAF dropped on German cities, he would drop "100, 200, yes 300 tons" on British cities.

There can no longer be the slightest doubt but that our Ruhr attacks have dealt a severe blow to German morale. Amazingly enough, we have from the official German radio in recent days admissions that "the survivors in Oberhausen looked like walking shadows," while in Wuppertal "the people are tired to death." "They lie on the grass, many of them injured. Those whom one meets streaming out of the town for miles move forward with great pain, carrying or pushing on barrows the few belongings which they still have left."

Accounts of Devastation

These official descriptions may be suspect as German "sympathy propaganda"—to which we shall return later. From Switzerland and Sweden, however, we have trustworthy accounts from neutral eye-witnesses who have visited the region or even been through the bombing. One of the latest of these says that the raid on Duesseldorf which started this latest offensive on June 11, caused the greatest destruction and casualties of any of the heavy attacks on this head-office city of Ruhr industry.

At Bochum the devastation and casualties the next night were almost as great—and it has been hit again since then, last Friday. The whole area between Cologne and Hamm, a distance of 65 miles, encompassing the area we have been attacking, was covered towards the end of May "with a thick reddish-yellow smoke, almost suffocating with its smell of phosphorus." This would be from our new incendiary bombs, which are so effective that it is said that specially trained squads of S.S. men had to be rushed to Dortmund to deal with them.

A Dortmund warden told a neutral that he couldn't send his fire-fighters out to deal with them, as it meant certain death. From this one gathers that either we have followed the German lead of two years ago and put an explosive centre in our fire-bombs, or are mixing our high-explosive block-busters so effectively with the tens of thousands of incendiaries that, for the period of the raid, it is too dangerous to be out of the shelters. And after the raiders have passed, in half an hour to an hour, the fires have obtained such a grip that they cannot be put out.

Fire-Fighting Fails

Here water lines broken by the blockbusters or unrepaired from earlier raids, and a water supply depleted by the smashing of the Moehne Dam, would play their part. In any case, it is interesting to note that, after all the experience the Germans have had in fighting our attack, the city of Krefeld was still burning when our fliers passed over 24 hours later on their way to Muelheim, June 22.

Another account, printed in King-Hall's *National News Letter* this week, says that with the exception of a few cities, worse damage has been caused by flooding from the broken Moehne Dam than by bombing. Soest, long isolated by the flood, has been evacuated. In the Dortmund suburbs water lay over three feet deep. Streets and cellars were flooded as far as Wuppertal and Gelsenkirchen.

The water crept up around blast furnaces in Dortmund until they exploded; and it swept down mines at various places in the Ruhr, sometimes trapping miners below. Two railway tunnels between Dortmund and Wuppertal collapsed, and many rail lines were flooded and the grades undermined. In some places fire brigades couldn't operate because of the high water. Many places were without drinking water. On top of this came the two great series of raids of May 23—June 25.

In this situation there was nothing for the German authorities to do but evacuate a large part of the population of the region. If the Air Ministry estimate, that a million houses have been destroyed or damaged is

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Canada's war production will not want for supplies of strategic minerals. From coast to coast come reports of expanding production. Highlighting the list of developments which are helping to win the war are: tungsten on the Emerald Property in British Columbia . . . molybdenum in Preissac Township, Quebec . . . magnesium at Renfrew, Ontario . . . mercury at Pinchi Lake, British Columbia. Other developments are producing manganese, tin, chromite and more tungsten.

Explosives to speed the production of strategic minerals is another example of a product of Industrial Chemistry which helps Canada's war effort.

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anywhere near true, then the Swiss figure of three to five million Ruhr evacuees is plausible. Many of these, it is said, have been brought out on canal barges, while such railways as remain in service are busy lugging in repair materials, and supplying the requirements of the huge defence organization.

In the face of evacuation, and with water mains, street car lines, railways, food and dairy supplies interrupted throughout the Ruhr, it cannot be pretended that this former arsenal of oppression remains an efficient producing unit. With the latest offensive we have been the rounds of every Ruhr city of over 100,000 except Gladbach-Rheydt, just west of Duesseldorf, a famous textile and machine-tool centre which is overdue for attention.

Waiting Their Turn

The feeling of inhabitants of cities as yet unattacked that their turn is about to come is apparently having the terrorizing effect predicted in a speech by Mr. Churchill last year, in which he recommended that they leave in good time, and "watch the home fires burning" from a safe distance. Neutral and German accounts tell of the dread of the people of Dortmund, Wuppertal, Krefeld, Muelheim and Oberhausen, as they felt the earth shake under them night after night and watched the searchlights play and the smoke rise, from attacks on nearby Essen and Duisburg, and waited for their turn. Finally it came, and after a single hour—as the Germans said about Krefeld — their city was "non-existent."

Already it would seem that the back of the Ruhr is broken. If production there had been decreased by 35 per cent from last year a month ago, as the British Ministry of Economic Warfare claimed, then it must now be well below half. And it may be timely to repeat here that the Ruhr contained about 70 per cent of German heavy industry before the war, and until a few months ago mined over half of the coal of German-occupied Europe.

To gain the full cumulative effect of our assault it is possible that Bomber Command has dug slightly into its reserves during this latest offensive, June 11-26. In an article in these pages four weeks ago I analyzed the seven RAF-RCAF offensives of this year at some length, finding that bomber expenditure rose steadily from four a day in February and March to six a day in May. From this calculation I deduced that there would be a lull of a fortnight before the beginning of another offensive. The lull actually lasted 12 days.

Bomber Command Resources

If Bomber Command could afford to lose 6 bombers a day on raids, that was about 180 a month. Allowing say another 120 cracked up on landing, perhaps because of flak damage to the under-carriage or tires, or needing extensive repairs, and another 100 added to the fleet, that gave us a British four-engined production of 400 a month. This seemed a pretty good figure, compared to the 500 a month achieved by the much-vaunted American big-bomber program in April.

If another offensive can now be launched within 10 days to a fortnight, and pursued on the same scale as that of June, then this will be a welcome indication that British production is even greater than supposed.

In the offensive just concluded there were 8 main raids on the Ruhr area in a space of 15 nights, at a cost of 243 bombers. If we now had a lull of 15 days, this would give us an average expenditure of 8 machines per day, to which must be added landing crack-ups and machines so badly damaged as to require extensive repairs.

Summarizing two months of attacks on the Rhine-Ruhr area only, from April 26 to June 25 there were 18 mighty raids, averaging about 1350 long tons of bombs per raid, or three times greater than London ever experienced, involving over 8000 bomber sorties, with a loss of 536 machines, or 30 per raid. This loss comes to 6½ per cent as compared to something under 5 per cent in earlier raids this year.

In these 536 lost machines were some 3500 airmen, which represents a drain of trained personnel of 1750 a month in this one theatre alone—and the RAF is operating in many other war theatres. What percentage of these men are killed and what percentage parachute safely to imprisonment, I have never heard estimated. But there is a certain steady trickle back to Britain of men downed over Holland and Belgium and helped home by underground organizations.

During the latest offensive against the Ruhr we also incorporated, for the first time, heavy daylight attacks on the same area. On June 22 and 25, American big bombers raided Ruhr targets just a few hours after the British and Canadians had left. This is in pursuance of the ideal of so stretching the German defences and wearing them down, by day and night, that they will eventually crack. Then, it is thought, our bombers will be able to range Western Germany with relative impunity, in broad daylight, picking off remaining vital objectives with accuracy and hammering at the population until the Germans are simply unable to carry on.

American Losses Higher

For the June raids we have no figures of the number of American planes involved. 69 were lost in only four days' operations, however, as against 72 in eight main operations in May, and a responsible American military commentator has estimated the loss rate at something over 10 per cent on the last three raids. But of course the results of these raids have to be judged by different standards, and the destruction of four to five German fighters to every American bomber lost is compensation in itself.

With the Americans able to replace their losses on an ever-growing, and the Germans on an ever-diminishing, scale, here is a hope of ultimately laming the Luftwaffe. For the present, however, far from ranging Germany with impunity, the day bombers are meeting an increasing opposition. Yet the Americans show no inclination to give up their beliefs and change to night bombing. Their idea is instead, it seems, to send out more and more missions on the same day, thus splitting up the German defence forces.

The two American sallies into the Ruhr have been made at dawn, immediately after a night of bombing by the RAF. Presumably the German night fighters would be fatigued and grounded by that time, but the slow speed of the Fortresses gives the day fighters plenty of time to meet them, and chase them home. Here again, bombers that have been damaged by flak and forced out of the protective formation provide the best pickings.

With the Focke-Wulfs capable of nearly 400 miles an hour and the Fortresses cruising at about 225 and able to put on only short bursts at their top speed of not more than 275 (it has been cut to this by the addition of heavy armament) the wonder is that the big American machines can venture into this most heavily defended German territory at all. It is only made possible by their excellent 50-calibre machine gun, their equally fine shooting, and their close formation flying.

Under the weight of this retributive attack the Germans have turned suddenly to proclaiming the extent of the damage and of the suffering of the population. This is highly suspect. One recalls that a German diplomat, asked in 1918 what his people would do if they were defeated, answered "Then we shall organize sympathy." We are only beginning to realize how successful they were at this. Did German propaganda not convince most of the world that Versailles—which was as the Sermon on the Mount to German exactions from conquered peoples—was the most vindictive treaty in history?

Now Goebbels is trying to "organize sympathy"—sympathy for the nation that made no protest over the hideous crimes of Rotterdam and Belgrade and enjoyed the lurid eye-witness broadcasts of the destruction of London. To catalog the other crimes of this guilty people, from the looting of a dozen small countries that had never done them any harm, to the barbaric treatment of Russian civilians, would more than fill this newspaper. No, Herr Goebbels, it won't work.

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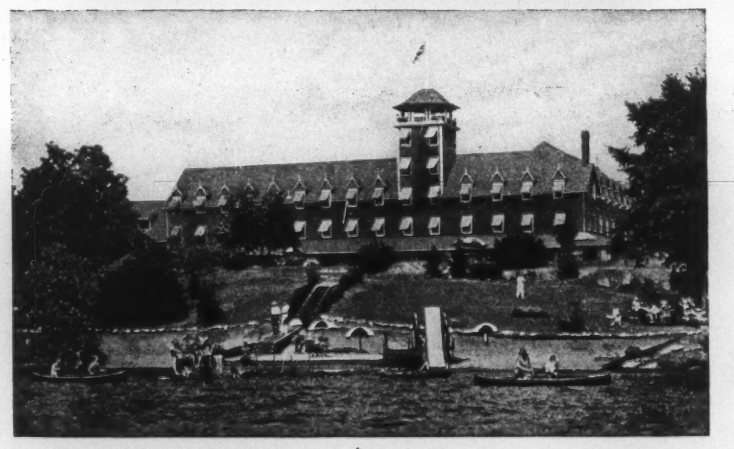

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SCIENCE FRONT

Clothes from Gum and Glass

BY DYSON CARTER

NYLON was the first truly synthetic fiber made in laboratories from the molecule up to the fabric. It is going to give us remarkable clothes, brushes and tires after the war. But already it has competition. Vinyon is another of the chemical textiles we will be fingering on the counters.

Back in 1664 the scientist Robert Hooke visioned a time when gums and resins could be pulled out to form new kinds of threads for making cloth. Centuries went past before research—which had found no suitable resin in nature—created the type of molecule that gave a resinous fiber. In 1939 the American Viscose Corporation began making vinyl polymer yarn, and the textile industry was off on a headlong race with no finish in sight.

"Vinyl Polymer" is chemical shorthand, easily explained. While nylon molecules are simple polymers (long strings of chained molecules) vinyon is a hybrid. Its raw materials are vinyl chloride and vinyl acetate, containing three kinds of atoms: carbon, hydrogen and chlorine. Introduced in a very special way the two varieties of vinyl mate by a process called polymerization. The result is a copolymer. It is an uninteresting white fluffy powder. Even a poet could not imagine it into a queen's evening gown.

By this time we must be aware that poets are stuffy dreamers compared to chemists. Watch a researcher play with vinyl copolymer. He drops some of the powder into a flask. He adds the winey-smelling liquid called acetone. This gives a dispersion of vinyl. It is carefully filtered and freed from air.

Now our magician spins the liquid dispersion.

This fantastic operation is quite simple. The liquid is sprayed in fine jets, the volatile acetone evaporates, warm dry air makes the vinyl coagulate from a liquid jet into a coherent flexible thread. The thread goes straight on to bobbins. There it is wet-twisted to 6 turns per inch.

That is how cloth is born today. From carbon, hydrogen and chlorine to threads on a bobbin, with the spinning done by a high pressure pump!

After wet-twisting, the vinyl thread undergoes a minor miracle. It is stretched to double its original length. This operation gives vinyon unusual strength, high elasticity, great resistance to wear. And as for dyeing, one simply adds the desired shade of chemical color to produce vinyon all up and down the rainbow. In addition the stuff is absolutely proof against the strongest possible mineral acids, caustics, alkalies and bleaching agents. Coming nearer to the clothes cupboard we find that vinyon is also proof against whatever you and I can think of. It is a more indigestible dish for moths than fat pork for a seasick sailor. Bacteria and viruses won't even look its way. The same goes for damp rot, mold and mildew.

RIGHT now vinyl copolymers of several types are completely mobilized for war. Vast quantities are going into filter cloths, threads, twines, resistant clothing, sails, fish nets, parachutes, non-inflammable upholstery, curtains and awnings. Take your pick of a post-war fabric. Hundreds are coming after enough shrouds are woven for the Hitlerites.

You have seen "Saran" advertised. This descendent of the vinyl family is a vinyldene chloride derivative. To spin it the experts heat the powder and extrude it through holes in a die, then cool it in water, then stretch it out to threads. The stretching process gives the chained-together molecules the amazing strength of 50,000 pounds per square inch. And by varying the process all kinds of flexible tubing are now being made—tomorrow's plastic plumbing that will replace clumsy rusting iron. Another variation gives what is probably the most beautiful upholstery fabric ever seen. This stuff can be wiped clean of anything, and some say you can butt your cigar on it and then wipe off the unblemished spot.

RIGHT across the chemical world is another region where the weirdest new fabrics are being made. This is the land of glass molecules. Made to order glass can be spun and woven. It makes yarn and cloth. The glass chemists have taken the brittle stuff we look through and made it into soft textiles.

Spinning glass is done by remote control, because of the terrific heat required. Special glass marbles, compounded to order, are fed to electric furnaces. When molten the glass is pulled downward by gravity and forced through a bushing having a hundred tiny holes. The outcoming threads are about two ten-thousandths of an inch in diameter, and after scores of them are twisted together there is a thread big enough to see and to wind on a bobbin. These threads can be plied together to form yarn of any size.

In another process the molten glass is forced through holes by high steam pressure, and on emerging it forms thousands of fibers about a foot long. This fluff goes through a drying flame, is picked up on grooved wheels and then spun like wool on standard textile machines.

Either way, the glass makes fabric that seems out of this world. It takes colors of any delicacy or brilliance and holds them absolutely light-fast and weather-proof. Glass cloth cannot burn. It has not only the general resistance of nylon and vinyon but adds the properties of electrical and heat insulation. However, there are some defects not yet overcome. Glass fabric will not stand severe bending or folding. And for complex physic-chemical reasons the stuff gets weak when it's wet, although glass itself is completely waterproof. There are no glass clothes yet for sale, beyond a few specialties. After the war, even with no further research triumphs, we can expect intriguing draperies, tablecloths, bedspreads, awnings and similar items. There are almost innumerable factory uses for glass textiles. It is now produced in the form of rope and belting for use in high temperature operations.

MANY more synthetic fabric materials have lately come to the fore. We cannot give details, but the raw materials in some cloths are astonishing. One is made from vegetable mucilage. Almost any sticky stuff of a certain type will do; for instance that from lichens, pectin, Iceland moss and agar-agar.

English scientists extract the mucilage to the form of a viscous mass. Then wheat gluten is worked into it. Upon extruding this gluey mix (forcing it through fine holes) the fibers take shape. They are quite waterproof. Coloring is no problem. But this fabric is not yet in commercial production.

Henry Ford is making a huge (censored) amount of cloth from soybeans. Here the fibers are not strictly synthetic because they are derived from the bean protein. This is a technicality however, as we can see from the process outline. After the industrially valuable soy oil is extracted by pressure and hexane solvent, the remaining bean meal goes into a weak alkaline solvent that takes out the protein. The next stage is secret: the dissolved protein is transformed chemically into a gluey pudding. It may also be dyed in this condition.

Then comes spinning. The viscous protein is forced through jets, not into open air but into a bath which coagulates the sticky threads into strong fibers. Chemicals such as sulphuric acid, formaldehyde and aluminum sulfate do the trick. The emerging soya threads then go to winders where they are further set by use of more formaldehyde, giving the finished product ready for making textiles. The filaments are also being cut to produce "staple fiber" which is made into skeins having properties similar to silk and wool.

Soya cloth still has to be perfected. But it is a commercial product. It makes suitings, hats, upholstery fabrics, and Ford guarantees that we will be using the new protein textile after the war. Its advantages are its similarity to nylon in certain respects plus resemblance to silk and wool. Certain remarkable qualities have led to soya cloth being mobilized for active service.

Our review of man-made clothing fibers ends with a prediction that has repeatedly been made ever since rayon was first "spun" through jets. Chemically produced threads might be woven into cloth without the use of any textile machine. Engineers are seeking ways of arranging the jets so that at the very moment of creation—when the liquid turns to thread—multiple filaments will be crisscrossed and interwoven to give the patterns that make cloth. Anyone who has taken a trip through a textile factory can appreciate what this would mean. The beginning of a new era in one of the world's greatest, oldest basic industries.

While gas and tire shortages will restrict holiday motor travel this summer, cruises on Canada's network of inland waters bring most of Canada's beauty spots within reach of holiday-makers. This view of the Saguenay at sunset was taken on cruise ship Tadoussac of Canada Steamship Lines.

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THE LONDON LETTER

British Doctors Oppose Nationalization

BY P. O'D.

ONE of the sections of the Beveridge Report that has recently been coming in for a good deal of almost vitriolic criticism is the section dealing with the medical profession—the nationalization of medicine, in fact. Doctors fear that this is the beginning of a movement to turn them into mere salaried officials, or to put them at the mercy of local government boards. They don't like either prospect.

Medical peers have raised the flag of revolt in the House of Lords. Pointing out that the Government is trying to do in a few weeks what should be spread over several years, Lord Dawson of Penn (physician to the King) gave warning that, not only the medical profession, but the patients would be the sufferers.

"That will not happen," he said, "so long as we are here to prevent it."

Other speeches to much the same effect were made both by medical and lay peers, including one by Lord Moran, much better known as Sir Charles Wilson, personal physician to Mr. Churchill. He has accompanied the Prime Minister on nearly all his foreign tours. A maiden speech this, but an admirable one and full of constructive suggestions.

In spite of all this indignant eloquence, it looks a little as though the medical profession were crying out before it is hurt. Perhaps doctors think this is one way to avoid being hurt. That wise old Labor leader, Lord Snell, speaking for the Government, cooled the air and eased the professional blood-pressure by pointing out that the Government had no intention of forcing on the medical profession hasty and ill-considered plans. But he also made it clear that some changes were inevitable, even though all the proposals of the Beveridge Report might not be carried out.

Doctors—not personally, but as members of a highly organized profession—are a touchy and rather belligerent lot. I can remember well the agitation among them against the Panel System for poorer patients, when it was first introduced, and the way doctors of my acquaintance fulminated against it. It would never work, they said, it would be the ruin of the profession.

Not only has it worked extremely well, but it has been very much to the financial advantage of doctors generally. At least they are getting something for treating patients, who otherwise would probably pay them nothing at all. The allowance per Panel patient may be small, but it adds up quite handsomely when there are hundreds of them. It is likely that most doctors would fight as hard today against its abolition as they did against its establishment. A large Panel is a very nice steady source of income.

State Health Service

In connection with the present agitation against the suggestions of the Beveridge Report or the reorganization of national health services, there is a little story I would like to tell of the experiences of some Canadian friends of mine, who were motoring in Norway not long before the outbreak of war. One of the party was suddenly attacked by acute appendicitis, making an immediate operation necessary.

The operation was performed in the small but excellent hospital of the little town where they were forced to stop. The job was done as neatly and well as it could have been done anywhere. The surgical work, the nursing, the care and comfort, everything was first-class; but when the recovered and grateful patient asked for his bill—feeling perhaps that it would be rather a whopper in the case of a touring foreigner—he was told that there was nothing to pay. All such expenses were borne by the State as a matter of public service.

Finally, after much insistence, he was allowed to pay a little for the actual materials used, and to make some small donation to the hospital fund. It was a mere trifle compared to what he would have had to pay at home.

English people are proud, and with good reason, of the development of their various social services. But this is one respect, at least, in which this country still lags far behind some of the small but highly organized nations of Europe—as they were. Perhaps this is an easier sort of reform to establish in a small population than in a large one, but there can be little doubt that sooner or later something of the kind is coming here. And when it comes, it will work.

The angry talk in the House of Lords about doctors being turned into "a band of salaried functionaries and State lackeys" is bad-tempered balderdash. I don't think even doctors themselves believe it—certainly not the more sensible among them. And most doctors, fortunately, are sensible men.

A Classic of Childhood

Kenneth Grahame was Secretary of the Bank of England, the sort of solemn and honorific position that one associates with tall hats, tail coats, and all the mysteries of the higher finance. Certainly not the sort of position that one connects with stories about children and for children! And yet Kenneth Grahame managed to double successfully in both those extremely divergent roles.

His widow has recently presented to the Bodleian at Oxford the manuscript of "The Wind in the Willows", that delightful account of the adventures of Mole and Rat and Mr. Toad of Toad Hall, which began as a series of bedtime stories told to his little son, and was continued in writing when the boy went away for a prolonged holiday after illness. It has become one of the classics of childhood, written for children. "The Golden Age" and "Dream Days", lovely as they are, were written about children for grown-ups—"the Olympians", as he called them.

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A NEWMAN TREASURY, Chosen and Edited by Charles F. Harrold. (Longmans, Green, $5.00.)

JOHN HENRY, Cardinal Newman, a Prince of the Church, after having served for years *in forma pauperis* was at the same time a gentleman of England, a native aristocrat in feeling and custom and a literary artist of uncommon grace and vigor. Though usually serious to the point of grimness, and always learned to the edge of exhaustion, he still had the secret of charm, and perhaps at times the charm of secrecy. For any man who by an excess of logic could argue himself into a denial of reason in "matters of faith" and a denial of emotion as a vital spring of the religious life, must have had hidden qualities of thought.

His *Apologia* is a great autobiography which, as he said of the English Bible, lives like music on the ear. His controversial essays are strong in attack and versatile in defence, and generally speaking his writings are tasted with satisfaction and delight even by the many who have no sympathy with his crusted Tory view-point and the aim of his polemic.

Since many of the plates and sheets of his famous books were destroyed in the London *blitz*, Professor Harrold has compiled this anthology which covers admirably the periods of his literary and religious progress. Even the bitter satire and irony in the essay "The Present Position of Catholics in England" is included, for it shows a side of Newman not generally remembered. Two Chapters of the *Apologia* appear, and a great many epigrammatic selections from various sources. Here is a paragraph on Education, even more sound today than it was seventy years ago.

"I am not supposing that there is any great danger of over-education; the danger is on the other side. I will tell you what has been the practical error of the last twenty years. It has been the error of distracting and enfeebling the mind by an unmeaning profusion of subjects; of implying that a smattering in a dozen branches of study is not shallowness, which it really is, but enlargement, which it is not. . . All things now are to be learned at once; not first one thing, then another; not one well, but many badly. Learning is to be without exertion, without attention, without toil, without grounding, without advance, without finishing. There is to be nothing individual in it, and this, forsooth, is the wonder of the age."

The book is enriched by prefatory notes to each section by the Editor.

THE BOOKSHELF

CONDUCTED BY J. E. MIDDLETON

All books mentioned in this issue, if not available at your bookseller's, may be purchased by postal or money order to "Saturday Night Book Service", 73 Richmond Street W., Toronto

A Mighty Controversialist

Stern Portrait of an Actor

BY STEWART C. EASTON

MOONSET, by Margaret Gruen. (McClelland & Stewart. $3.00.)

HERE is a first novel of much promise. It suffers from certain errors in construction that can easily be avoided in later works, and the publishers, in my view, have done it a disservice in emphasizing the "family" aspect of the story which is only incidental to the main theme. Mrs. Gruen seems to have been undecided herself about the emphasis. In the first half we do indeed meet the children frequently, and the mother has a number of heart attacks which lead us naturally to expect that they should play some important part in the story. In the second half attention is centred almost exclusively upon the husband, Dan, and the effect of his inferiority complex and his consequent philanderings upon his wife and mother-in-law. Despite the extreme provocation Elizabeth has no further heart-attacks.

Though the portrait as a whole is very well done and justifies the novel, I was not at all times sure whether Mrs. Gruen herself understood the man she was drawing. For if she had understood him completely she would hardly have pictured him with such malice and lack of sympathy. He appears only as a jealous boor, so selfish that one loses patience with him; but his final worldly success and the collapse of his married life are rather subtly done, and the interest is sustained to the last page, when the mystery which we have been allowed to guess all along is cleared up in the best "mystery" manner.

Dan is an actor and he suffers from the self-delusion that is the bane of so many of his profession. He has a charming girl wife, and an equally charming, if hardly credible, mother-in-law, and he has three children of varying degrees of charm. He loses his job on the day the Americans enter the first World War, wishes to join up, but is refused on account of his age. So he is forced to rely upon the willing charity of his actress mother-in-law, and this his pride cannot stomach. So he deserts his wife and returns to the stage. Being exceptionally handsome and finding no lack of predatory women who are anxious to further his career in exchange for his favors his visits to his wife become rarer and less satisfactory. She invariably succeeds in offending his pride, and he has to endure also the never failing charity of his mother-in-law.

Though the last scene is rank melodrama, Dan is a melodramatic character and it is in keeping with the whole. But I should be more certain of Mrs. Gruen's future if I could be sure that she *knew* it was melodrama and were not herself deceived by her own hokum. Let her try her undoubted talents next time on some one less egregiously schizophrenic, and maybe she will give us something of permanent value.

While Japan Waited

CIRCUIT BY CONQUEST, by Relman Morin, (Ryerson, $3.75.)

AN ASSOCIATED Press correspondent in Japan, feeling sure in 1940 that the Japanese were preparing for a great adventure southwards, made a voyage of exploration to Manila, to Java, Indo-China, Thailand, Singapore and Australia, finding in these places almost no understanding of the peril just around the corner.

Vanya Oakes and others covered the same ground with the same result but this book is written with uncommon vigor and breadth of understanding. The author's description of Shanghai in this period reveals the horror of that unique inferno.

Old Philistine

EZRA AND ME, by Harry Persons Taber. (Longmans, Green, $2.50.)

ONCE upon a time there was a printer, aged twenty-seven, who also was a smart writer. Likewise he liked to laugh, especially at stuffed shirts, conventions and other oddities of society. But he had a few ideals about truth and honor, freedom and courtesy, which, he believed, were getting a little musty from lack of use in the big world of the U.S.A. So he founded a magazine called *The Philistine* and an odd little pocketfull it was, bound in butcher-shop paper and angelically printed, after the William Morris formula.

It caught on, and soon money was needed for expansion. A fellow called Elbert Hubbard bought it, keeping the printer as the editor and agreeing to pay him half the profits; none of which "eventuated." But Hubbard in time swelled up like a poisoned toad, made East Aurora a centre of Culture for second-rate minds, and at the apogee of his Mission went down with the Titanic.

Now here is the printer (at 77) laughing at himself and the world in a series of interviews with one of the skeletons in his closet, the skeleton of Early Hopes, who goes by the name of Ezra. The Biblical Ezra knew all about the rites and ceremonies of old time; this one, about the customs of the day while the Nineteenth Century was taking such an unconscionable time in dying. So he digs up old songs, old stories and the like, and holds up his end of the dialogue admirably.

A cheerful after-dinner book, with an introduction by Morris Bishop.

One for Youth

BY MARY DALE MUIR

CHILDREN OF NORTH AFRICA, by Louise A. Steintorf. (Longmans, Green, $2.50.)

MISS STEINTORF'S book is a collection of stories built around the camel lads and snake charmers of Egypt, sellers of earthenware pots of the Nubian Desert, sponge divers off Sfax, shepherd boys in Algeria, a little girl in a Moorish garden and little Miss T. o'-B of Cairo. It is not only timely in view of the recent war activities but it presents easily and colorfully the variety of races living in North Africa, their customs and occupations. It has the immediate effect of bringing this country immeasurably closer. The writer has herself lived in the districts of which she writes and her stories are of children she knew there.

The stories are well and cleverly illustrated. The frontispiece is a map clearly setting out the countries written about with a jovial sun beaming down on them. A tiny map design opposite the first page of each story places its setting. Ten to sixteen-year olds will find this collection an entertaining background for a study of the geography and history of North Africa.

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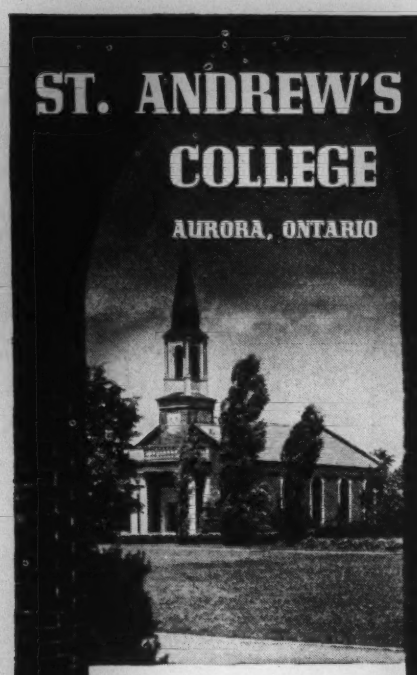

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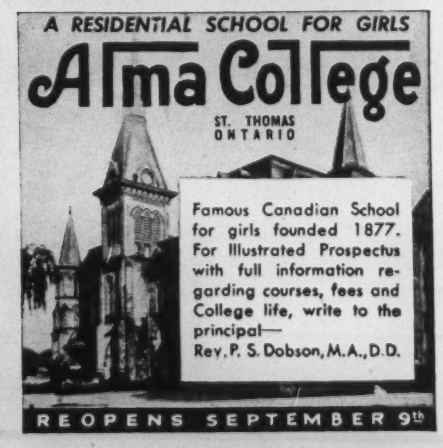

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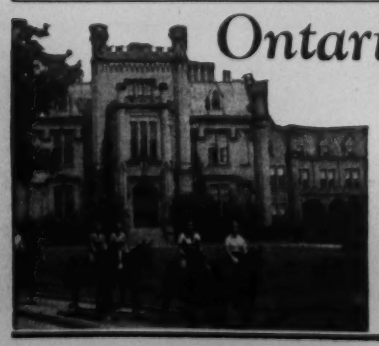

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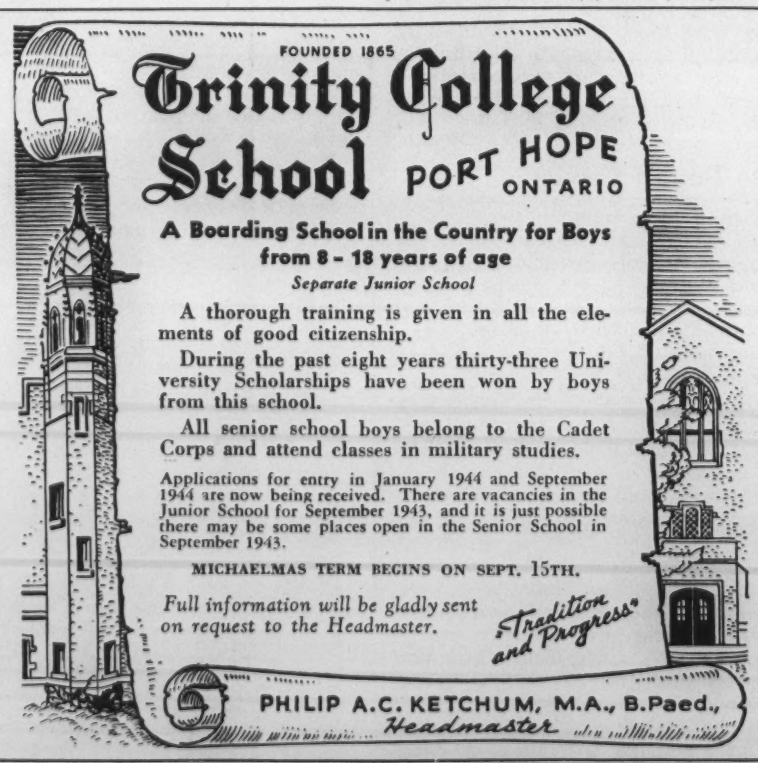

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Applications for entry in January 1944 and September 1944 are now being received. There are vacancies in the Junior School for September 1943, and it is just possible there may be some places open in the Senior School in September 1943.
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THE WEEK IN RADIO

What Has the Happy Gang Got?

BY FRANK CHAMBERLAIN

"KNOCK-KNOCK! Who's there? It's the Happy Gang! Wel-l-l! Come In!" And away they go again, while thousands of people from coast to coast listen in. Who would have thought, some six or seven years ago, that the little group banded together by Bert Pearl, playing on a sustaining program in the hope a sponsor would sign them up, would rise to national fame. Yet they have. In fact the sponsor who did sign them up is so proud of them he has just issued an attractive booklet entitled "What folks think about The Happy Gang —A report to the Nation by the Sponsors".

The book is filled with letters from people all across the country thanking the Happy Gang for the half hour of fun and laughter sent out five days a week over the national network. But it has more than that. It also contains letters of tribute from the Red Cross, the War Finance Committee, the Boy Scouts Association, the Navy League and many other organizations, thanking the Gang for their co-operation in many campaigns. And we'll wager you didn't know that the initial royalties from "The Happy Gang Book of War Songs", amounting to a goodly sum, went into the purchase of complete units of phonographs and records for 100 merchant ships. Royalties coming in on the book now are spent on additional comforts for the men of the Allied Merchant Navy. This is just one sample of the war effort of the Gang—not to mention the countless trips they have made to service camps throughout the country, to entertain the boys and girls in uniform.

The Gang, as all their fans know, is made up of Bert Pearl, M.C. and guiding light; Hugh Bartlett, announcer; Kathleen Stokes, organist; Eddie Allen, vocalist and accordian player; Blain Mathe, violinist and musical conductor; George Temple, actor. It has recently acquired John Adaskin, a former CBC producer, as "agency-director". Cliff McKay, former player with the Toronto Symphony, has taken over the spot held by Bob Farnon. Bob is now Captain Farnon, arranger of music for "The Army Show" and at present also acting as its orchestra conductor. Jimmy Namaro and his xylophone round out the program.

What is it the Happy Gang's got that other programs haven't? There are hundreds of better musicians, actors, and singers than are incorporated in this little group—yet people all over the country adore them. Perhaps it's their lack of "artiness". Perhaps it's the spirit of the program—good humor wins a lot of friends. Perhaps it's the sincerity of the whole group—they really believe in their job. Or, perhaps it's because (as a critic once said to me), "Their program may be corn—but it's the *best* corn!"

FOLK songs of Canada were featured on an NBC program, "Music of the New World", heard recently under the direction of Jean Baudet, Conductor and supervisor of Music for the CBC . . .

CBS's "Invitation to Learning" has begun its fourth year on the air. (Heard on Sundays) . . .

The National Education Conference Board of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation has announced that CBC will continue to carry the science, geography and literature series of Columbia network's "School of the Air of the Americas" when that program returns to the air, after its summer vacation, in October . . .

People in Jamaica look forward to the time when they can listen to the new Canadian high-power short-wave station now being constructed by the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation for the Canadian government, according to Dr. Augustin Frigon, CBC assistant general manager, just returned from the West Indies . . .

NOTHING very startling has so far emerged from the investigations of the House of Commons Radio Committee, which has opened sessions in Ottawa. The General Manager of the CBC, Dr. James S. Thomson, has reviewed the operations and programs of the corporation. The Hon. C. D. Howe has revealed that fourteen radio range and communication stations have been built since the outbreak of war, seven radio stations are nearing completion, and plans have been made for construction of sixteen additional stations. Our limited knowledge of technical matters prevents a clear understanding of what all these radio stations are for, but surely none of them are ordinary long-wave broadcasting stations for public programs. Most listeners have all they can do now to listen to even a small percentage of programs broadcast by the existing hundred-odd radio stations in Canada, to say nothing of the hundreds of radio stations which can be heard from the United States.

Exactly what the Parliamentary Committee on radio will be able to dig up in their investigations is not very clear. We do know that the private broadcasting stations in Canada are planning to present a strong appeal to the Parliamentary Committee asking for greater freedom of operation. While people generally agree that a central government body should control the rules and regulations of broadcasting, the private station owners feel handicapped by the fact that all licenses are held strictly in the hands of the CBC, and that the CBC is not only the judge of whether or not a license shall be granted, but it is also the Court of Appeal. The private broadcasters hold that an independent body should determine when a radio license should be cancelled, or when another one should be granted.

The Parliamentary Committee will probably also devote considerable time to the question of whether or not the CBC should sponsor broadcasts of controversial subjects. Up to now, I think it can fairly be stated that the CBC has allowed the holders of all shades of opinion freedom to express themselves. What has been said over the radio has not always pleased all the listeners. It certainly hasn't pleased a great number of newspapers. But listeners as a whole have welcomed the freedom of opinion which has been granted to representative people who have been asked and allowed to speak over the air.

It would be interesting to know whether or not any group of people in Canada had been refused the freedom of the national network. I have personal knowledge that the churches in Canada have been treated with the utmost generosity by the CBC. National groups such as the Health League of Canada, the I.O.D.E., the Canadian Temperance Federation, the Canadian Welfare Council, and many others have been allowed free time on the air, and permitted wide freedom in the content of their broadcast material.

RUDY VALLEE has left the air for the duration of the war, and is completing advanced training with the Coast Guard. . . John Gunther, blue network newscaster, has left for the European theatre of operations to be on hand when the invasion of the Continent begins. . . Radio comedienne and singer, Gracie Fields, has returned to Britain for the summer, but you can be sure it won't be any holiday. . . Don McNeill has just completed ten years of broadcasting his early morning program (and a lot of people haven't heard him yet). . . NBC has inaugurated a new six-week series called "Music at War", heard Thursday nights. It looks like a program worth listening to. . . A correspondent in St. Mary's, Ont., wants to know why radio speakers try to cram so many words into their broadcast when Churchill and Roosevelt use words so sparingly. . . Merrill Denison and Frank Willis are collaborating on a new series of dramas on "Heroism". There will be ten programs broadcast up to the end of August, and they will be heard on Sunday evenings. . . A series of programs called "Peoples on the March" opened last week on the CBC network, and will be heard on Wednesdays. The first series of eight broadcasts will be from Winnipeg, the scripts by Dyson Carter, and the production under Esse Ljungh. . .

Mia Slavenska, star of the motion-picture "Ballerina", dancing at the Promenade Symphony Concert, Varsity Arena, Toronto, Thursday, July 8.

Cora Smith, at the Royal Alex. this week in "The Late Christopher Bean" and next 'Out of the Frying Pan."

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...I CAN MAKE OVER A DRESS OR HAT, I CUT OUT A PICTURE OF WHAT I DIDN'T BUY
THEN I PUT ASIDE IN WAR SAVINGS STAMPS WHAT IT WOULD HAVE COST ME...
THEN WHEN THE WAR'S OVER... AND THERE'S A WIDE CHOICE, I'LL REALLY GO TO TOWN!

HELP CANADA AND YOURSELF BY CONSERVING WHAT YOU HAVE

Every time we make what we have 'do' . . . every time we don't buy new things, we are actually helping protect the price ceiling. Also, by saving money *now*, we will be able to get much better value after the war, when shortages will all be forgotten. To make what we have last the duration is not only patriotic—it is simply good sense!

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WORLD OF WOMEN

A Gown for Mein Frau

BY BERNICE COFFEY

ALTHOUGH the Germans pretended to sneer at French fashions as a form of decadence after they entered Paris the blimp-like Goering immediately ordered twenty gowns for his overstuffed frau. No doubt at the same time he was counting on being in London soon, where, after calling on Adolf at Buckingham Palace, he would rumble on to Savile Row to replenish his own extensive collection of gaudy uniforms.

The boys of the Reichswehr planned to permit Paris to hold her place as the focal point of fashion so the Nazis could muscle in on its world market and, incidentally, clothe the women of the men of the Nazi party in a manner of elegance to which they definitely were not accustomed. So France's top designers were encouraged to continue creating and holding fashion shows in their salons to display the so-called "Gowns of the New Order."

Designers did as commanded, even substituting names such as "Mother Love" for the more exotic names they had been in the custom of attaching to each dress. But something very odd had happened to the designing ability of the French, and the Germans got the surprise of their lives when they saw the monstrosities produced. Model after model stepped out in frocks of ridiculous lines, snuggled to waist and suddenly, startlingly expanding at the hips. They were fantastic gowns designed to make the wife of a German colonel look like a fool . . . and certainly not gowns to put money in the bank for Hitler.

Fashion is not a matter of style to the Parisienne, but rather one of pride that she may look a German in the eye as proudly today as in the past. So these women by some miracle still manage to look chic. If they have nothing else, they manage one smart costume to wear on Sunday, so that Paris will look like the Paris of old on Sunday. One young mademoiselle made a dress out of her mother's drapes (a la Scarlett O'Hara) of crisp, corded cotton. The Frenchwoman uses fashion as a weapon of defiance, too. Last Summer saw women going to their tasks, their jobs or strolling in large hats. The Nazi leaders observed the latest trend of fashion and ruled that "Large hats are ridiculous and not to be worn." Feminine headgear immediately grew even wider of brim.

An apron, front and back, provides a slimming line that is very kind to the larger figure when shorts are worn. Of air spun white linen, the play suit shown above is accented by a colorful Indian border print.

The V.A.D.'s

WANTED—*A young woman who is intelligent, well-educated, healthy, able to apply what she has been taught, for important career in the service of her country. Must be prepared to go abroad.*

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What are V.A.D.'s? Two of them replace one Army nursing sister in the new establishment of military hospitals, thereby releasing more nurses for civilian duty. Qualified V.A.D.'s do actual nursing duty—not simply hospital chores. Because they are part of the active army they have officer status and rank next and after members of the R.C.A.M.C. Nursing Service. They are members of the Nursing Division of the St. John Ambulance Brigade or the Nursing Auxiliary Canadian Red Cross Corps, and hold a St. John Ambulance Certificate in First Aid and either a St. John Ambulance or Canadian Red Cross certificate in Home Nursing.

At the request of Princess Alice wives of the Lieutenant-Governors of the Provinces are forming Provincial committees of representative women to stimulate recruiting of V.A.D. members for the military hospitals. Training centres are being opened across Canada where hospital technique, practice and ethics are taught to recruits. The newest of these is the V.A.D. Training Centre No. 2 in Toronto. Those present at its opening included Mrs. Albert Matthews, chairman of the St. John V.A.D. Recruiting Committee for Ontario; Mrs. Thomas Gilmour, superintendent-in-chief of the St. John Ambulance Brigade for Canada; and Mrs. Gordon Conant, Ontario president. This centre, typical of all, has a miniature hospital set-up including lab and ward of three beds, where the recruit is initiated into the methods of such things as, for instance, giving intravenous injections. Her training here consists of 5 weeks' lectures for three nights a week or, in the day classes, every day 5 days a week and Saturday mornings, for a 3 week period.

From the Centre she graduates to a military hospital for a three months'. probationary period. During this time she is at liberty to leave if she so decides—or be dispensed with if the authorities so decide. But if she emerges successfully from this trial period, the proud moment arrives when she is attested as a full-fledged member of the Canadian Army. She will have undergone a medical examination, taken the oath of allegiance, and she will be required to undertake to serve in Canada or abroad for the duration of the present war. She receives an outfit allowance of $100, and $50 at the end of a year's service for replacements. When serving outside Canada she receives three dollars a day. In Canada she receives allowances.

The V.A.D. age limit is 18 to 44, but youth is an asset. The eighteen-year-olds are restricted to service in the city or town in which they live. The candidate must be over nineteen to serve elsewhere in Canada. Only those 23 years of age and under 41 are eligible for service abroad.

Undoubtedly the urgent call for V.A.D.'s will have deep appeal for all women interested in humanity in general—and in those who are suffering or ill in particular.

Sally Victor offers this contribution to coolness, comfort and chic. It is a "tuck away" hat for going into the bag for vacations or country weekends. A narrow fuchsia ribbon ties up in a simple bow on the front and highlights the fuchsia dot of the quilted navy blue sateen material.

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I'll take her to the lake shore where
Nature's at its best,
Some pretty little cottage upon a
rocky shore
Where there's no inside plumbing
and no carpet on the floor,
Where beds are hard and lumpy, and
ice box leaks a lot,
Where she can cook with wood
stove, and the kitchen's always
hot,
Where screens have many holes in
them, mosquitoes buzz and bite,
Where we depend on oil lamps for
a little evening light.

O, she will have a holiday—of that
you may be sure
But one that's like the bus man
who is on a Gray Coach tour.

—NICK.

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WORLD OF WOMEN

Shopping For Victory

BY DOROTHY NORWICH

WE HAVE Victory gardens, Victory loans, why not Victory shopping? For the day of leisurely shopping is past. Time, we have come to realize, is the one commodity that cannot be manufactured. There still remain, however, a few shoppers, relics of the pre-war era, as out-dated and unpopular as the zoot suit, who are not yet awake to this fact and squander their own and salespeople's time with moronic wantonness.

Mrs. C. is such a person. Her family loves her, her friends admire her and clerks would cheerfully rise at dawn to see her shot. This is how that lady's antiquated shopping methods operate. Suddenly remembering, in the midst of baking a cake, that her husband has asked her no fewer than five times to buy a garbage can, she hurriedly pours the batter into the pans, pops them in the oven and goes to the telephone.

Fits Over Phone

Connected with the hardware store, she enquires the price of garbage cans and is informed the store has just one left, a dollar and forty-nine cents. She wonders if that isn't a little high and the clerk says, no, that's the regular price for this size can. Size! exclaims Mrs. C. How lucky he mentioned it! She'd almost forgotten she wanted one to fit under the back porch. Did the clerk think this one would do?

Never having seen Mrs. C.'s back porch, the clerk is not prepared to venture an opinion. How high, he wants to know, is the space under the steps? That Mrs. C. cannot say. Her husband did tell her, but for the life of her—

Just Looking

Wearily, his eye on impatient customers waiting to be served, the clerk suggests that she take this one anyway; they are becoming increasingly hard to get and he has no idea when a new lot will be in. After some vacillation, Mrs. C. says to send it along and has he any kitchen clocks? Being apprized of the shape, size, price and length of guarantee, she admits she doesn't want one right now, she's just enquiring. Her cousin is having a shower next month for a friend and Mrs. C. thinks a kitchen clock—or perhaps a bread board—Bread boards make nice shower gifts—

She breaks off with a tiny scream. "Oh, my goodness, my cake!" and hangs up in the startled clerk's ear.

What the clerk remarks when he realizes Mrs. C. has hung up without giving him her address is much more colorful than my goodness! but even it is understatement as compared with that made by the purchasing agent of a small plant engaged in war work after his third try to get through to that store.

Production on one of the lines of this small factory was being held up for lack of important material which wholesale houses didn't happen to have on hand at the moment. The agent had heard this particular store had some in stock. Mrs. C.'s rambling conversation had wasted twenty minutes of that man's valuable time and almost cost the store a sizable order.

Of this, Mrs. C. is blissfully unaware. Later, when her garbage can fails to arrive, she will telephone the store and give the clerk a good piece of her mind. Even if she hadn't given him her address, she'll exclaim, she had told him her name and surely she has traded there long enough for him to know where she lives. The fact that two other Mrs. C.'s also deal at that store and it is not always possible to tag the right name with the right address, will mitigate against the clerk's stupidity not one whit, in Mrs. C.'s opinion.

Later in the week, Mrs. C. will go on a shopping tour downtown. She thinks she'll buy underwear for her husband, sox for her seventeen year-old son and a dress for her ten year-old daughter.

A. B. C.'s

As she passes through the shoe department of one of the large department stores, she notices sandals on sale. It is a busy morning, with harassed sales clerks serving two customers at a time. She corners one and asks are there any narrow widths in the sandals. The clerk says, no, only C and D. Mrs. C thinks this very odd. Why no A's and B's? Patiently the clerk goes into the fine points of mass production and cheap lines. Mrs. C. thinks she'll look at size 13 C, anyway, for her daughter. A pair is found and again the matter of width is gone into with the clerk sensibly pointing out that it is a useless waste of time to buy the shoes if they are only to be exchanged and recommending that Mrs. C. bring her daughter down to be fitted. After some thought, Mrs. C. decides the clerk is right and trips on her blithe way, unmindful that she has lost two sales for the clerk and ruined her disposition for the day.

When she comes to the underwear counter she can't remember whether her husband wears size 38 or 40 and she thinks her son wears a 10½ sock; though when she comes to think of it, that was last year and he's probably grown some. She winds up by taking a size 38 suit of underwear and a pair of 10½ sox, both of which she will exchange within the next day or two.

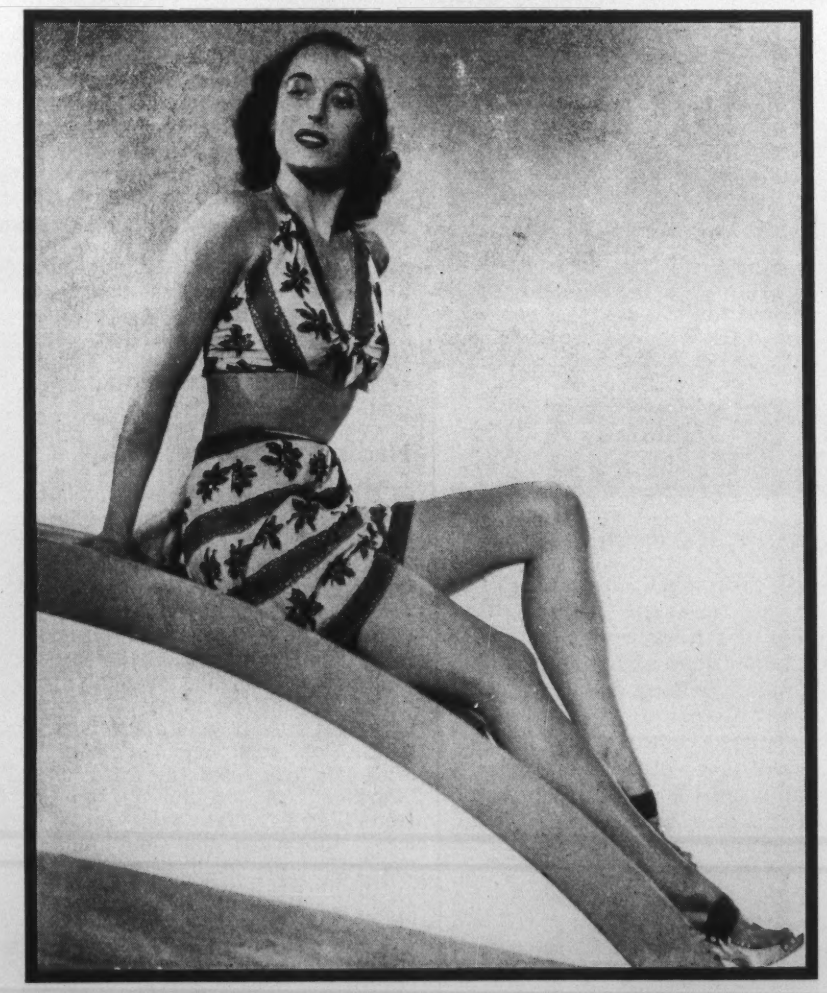
Everybody Pays

Time wasted by shoppers like Mrs. C. is part of the expense of doing business and is added to the sales price of goods, under overhead. That means the nations' buyers collectively pay for the dimwittedness of individual Mrs. C's. Nor are all such time wasters feminine. Many a man can out-dilly any woman but, as much as it hurts to admit it, the majority of offenders are housewives who should know better.

Even in the days when men liked their women slightly on the arrested development side with no grasp of economics, housewives were expected to run their homes efficiently and shop in the same manner. Today, more than ever, is intelligent shopping necessary. Today, when women are at last being permitted to use what brains nature saw fit to bestow upon them; when time on a woman's hands means she either hasn't any brains or isn't using them, such haphazard shopping methods as Mrs. C.'s are an affront to the intelligence of her sex.

There is no reason why a card bearing the assorted sizes of family wearing apparel couldn't be filed away in desk or kitchen cabinet drawer, and consulted when clothing is to be bought. It is only common sense to take a child along to be fitted for shoes and if a container is needed to fit a specified space, then the dimensions of that space should be ascertained before the article is ordered.

Mrs. C. has managed to get along nicely on rationed food and rationed gas. She needs only to ration her time. When she does that, she'll be shopping for victory and find it, one day, right around the corner.



A striped and flowered print patterned in large vivid proportions flashes its brilliant color through the beach scene in a swim suit that is the model of brevity. Obviously it is a near relation to the sarong.

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MARRIAGES

MORRISON-MacLEOD — On Thursday, June 17th, 1943, in Hart House Chapel, Toronto, by the Reverend J. E. Todd, Elizabeth McMillan, daughter of Mrs. MacLeod of Sudbury and the late Mr. William Anderson MacLeod, M.E., to Commander William Stuart Estleigh Morrison, R.C.N., son of Doctor W. C. Morrison, M.B., M.R.C.S., and Mrs. Morrison of Southampton.

MUSICAL EVENTS

Schumann's Fourth Symphony

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

WHEN we hear a symphony that is new to us, it is almost invariably a work by a contemporary composer. It is seldom that Canadian audiences hear a "new" work that is over a century old, and therefore one was grateful to Victor Kolar, the Detroit conductor, when at the Promenade Symphony Concert in Varsity Arena last week he varied routine by reviving the almost forgotten Symphony No. 4 in D minor by Robert Schumann. Schumann is still a pillar of strength to all vocal and piano recitalists, but his name seldom appears on orchestral programs. The average music lover would have been nonplussed if suddenly asked to say off hand if he had composed any symphonies at all.

It so happens, however, that as a young man in his twenties he was quite active in the making of symphonies. His sympathies were really lyric and pianistic, but in that day the only means whereby a musician could prove himself a "great" was to compose a symphony. Of the four he constructed up to his thirtieth year (1841) before bidding farewell to the form forever, he named one the "Spring" Symphony and another the "Rhenish" Symphony,—the latter of which proved the most popular and remained in the orchestral repertory for many decades. The work dearest to his heart was however the Fourth which Mr. Kolar so efficiently revived last week.

He worked at it all through 1841 (as he believed secretly) as a birthday present to his beloved young wife, the pianist Clara Wieck Schumann who was due to bear their first child about the same time. The score was completed and presented to Clara on the appointed date, September 13th, 1841 when their baby was but a few days old. Though she did not know that a birthday present was in incubation, she was aware that Robert was up to something, and that the something was in D minor. She could overhear him slaving over details at the piano and at his desk when locked up in his study; and she recorded in her diary that whatever it was, it was being "fashioned from the depths of his heart."

What makes Symphony No. 4 worthy of revival to-day is that it is sincere, succinct and passionate. One commentator happily described it a few years ago as pre-Tchaikovian. Bernard Shaw when, as a young man, engaged in preaching socialism through the musical columns of the London "Star," made a wisecrack to the effect that the high spots in the Schumann symphonies should be collected in an orchestral potpourri to be known as "Gems from Schumann." However apt that may be as a commentary on the other three, it's unfair to the Fourth. It is a coherent, intense work, which last week proved stimulating enough to hold the attention of over 4000 unsophisticated listeners for half-an-hour or more. One of its merits is that Schumann, bubbling over with inspiration, said what he had to say on a given phase of his subject, (his passion for Clara) and then went on to the next without fiddling with it longer.

The Symphony did not at first make a very pronounced impression, partly due to the composer's personal inadequacy as a conductor—he was never more than a time-beater—and partly to a counter attraction. On the night when first performed in Leipzig, (December 6th, 1841) Liszt and Clara Schumann played duets on the same program and interest naturally centred on them. It is probable that the joint appearance of two such technical geniuses would overshadow everything else, even in our own day. Schumann was not satisfied with the original score and in the ensuing decade patiently revised it, so that it made a deep impression at the Rhenish Festival in May 1852, when Joachim played first violin; and was able to overcome the handicap of Schumann's weak baton-wielding.

Long after, in 1888, when Clara, a bride of 22 when the Symphony was completed for her, was a woman of 69, the work was the occasion of a tragic row between her and a great man who had been almost an adopted son to her and her husband, Johannes Brahms. Brahms who had been placed in charge of Schumann's unpublished manuscripts, conceived an admiration for the original 1841 version, and planned to publish it in conjunction with the more acceptable 1852 version, showing the differences page by page; the text to be edited by a once famous Wagner conductor Dr. Franz Wullner. Unfortunately Brahms did not make his intentions clear to Clara Schumann, and had forgotten that she detested Wullner personally. The old lady, a public idol for half a century, felt that something was being done behind her back with regard to a manuscript to which she was sentimentally attached. Brahms himself was 55 and noted for stubbornness. Therefore an ungodly row occurred between the celebrities. It was a grievous time for both, who had come to a stage where they missed each other's society sorely. Finally Brahms could stand it no longer and made overtures that led to renewal of a friendship broken thereafter only by death.

I must confess that when I heard the symphony last week I did not know how much of human interest was embodied in its history; but as it was, it seemed a fresh and moving work, more alive than many other forgotten symphonies of a century ago. This was in a large measure due to the enthusiasm of Victor Kolar who had obviously acquainted himself with every pulsation of Schumann's passionate tribute to his bride; and worked like a Trojan to bring forth all its secrets.

In both Mr. Kolar's programs this year the quality of the music has been finer than in his appearances last year. One has mentioned previously his revival of Wagner's version of the overture to Gluck's "Iphigenia in Aulis." In last week's program he also interpreted with finish and fervor three works that invariably repay a conductor's efforts, the overture to Mozart's "Magic Flute"; Tchaikovsky's unfailingly gripping "Romeo and Juliet" and Enesco's effulgent and infectious Roumanian Rhapsody No. 1.

Nadine Connor

THE young lyric soprano, Nadine Connor, guest artist at the Proms concert of which I have been writing, turned out rather an enigma to me. Of late years one has heard few voices more beautiful; pure, full, even and noble in quality; and, moreover, admirably controlled, so that every phrase seemed perfectly "modelled." That she is devoid of temperament nobody who heard her rendering of such sad numbers as Micaela's aria from the third act of "Carmen" and "Addio del Passao" from Verdi's "Traviata" could allege. But when she sang numbers that called for spontaneity; inherent mirth in the Laughing Song from Strauss's "Bat," or surprise and excitement in the Jewel Song from "Faust" her tone-production became purely mechanical. Years ago the possessor of one of the very greatest voices America has known, Emma Eames, revealed (of course in a fuller degree) the same perfections, and the same inability to "give herself" to an audience. If anyone wishes to know what I mean by a singer's ability to "give herself" to an audience, let him watch Jean Dickenson sing. There may have been some special cause for Miss Connor's restraint. Hers is a rarely fine voice and I should like to hear her again in a more animated mood.

A New Rhapsody

GERALD BALES, the gifted Canadian organist and composer, whose "Nocturne" made a memorable impression when played by the Toronto Symphony Orchestra two years ago, has, while convalescing from a recent illness, been at work on a Rhapsody, also for orchestra. Illness overtook him while in training with the R.C.A.F. at St. Thomas. It interrupted plans for several musical events in the London district, including a production of his sacred cantata "Lazarus" by the Handel Chorus of London, conducted by Dr. Harvey Robb.

Records

BY KARI ANDERSON

VICTOR has recently released a new recording of the lesser known *Peer Gynt Suite No. 2* (Opus 55) by Edvard Grieg. It is Red Seal set No. M-902 (4 sides, 12 inch), played by the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra, Fabien Sevitzky conducting. The selections included are Ingrid's *Lament, Arabian Dance, Return of Peer Gynt,* and *Solvejg's Song.* On the whole, this is not an entirely satisfactory job. The melodious *Solvejg's Song* is rich in tone, but some parts of the other three seem harsh and thin. Mr. Sevitzky may have intended that effect; in the *Arabian Dance* and the *Return of Peer Gynt,* the passages wherein horns and piccolo predominate are raucous.

Another recent release of Victor is more heartily recommended: *Variations on a Theme of Tchaikovsky,* by Anton Arensky, (Red Seal set No. M 896, 4 sides, 12 inch.) Unfortunately, the fourth side of the set to which I listened is badly flawed. It is played by the Philadelphia Chamber String Simfonietta under the direction of Fabien Sevitzky. The seven variations are well performed, with the most made of contrasts. If flawless sets are available, this is a worth while album.

Columbia has catalogued among its past releases a good recording of *Le Sacre du Printemps* (*The Rite of Spring*) by Igor Stravinsky, performed by the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York, the composer conducting. (No. D 58 8 sides, 12 inch.) It is fine work, both in performance and recording. If you like Stravinsky, you will like this.

"Polling the Willows", by Homer Watson, R.C.A. (1855-1936)

The above picture is included in an exhibition and sale of paintings from the artist's estate now on sale at the Laing Fine Art Galleries.

Homer Watson's works are in the Royal Collection, the National Gallery of Canada and Museums and private collections throughout the world.

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THE FILM PARADE

Getting Away From The War

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

LEAVING the Second Front and Occupied Europe to the editorial writers and other worriers, the screen last week retreated into musical memories and the great outdoors. "The Ox Bow Incident" was the only thing to remind us of the kind of world we live in and even "The Ox Bow Incident" wasn't topical.

The screen version of the Walter Van Tilberg Clark story is venturesome in more ways than one. It is one of the world's ugliest tales—the minute-by-minute report of a Western lynching—and no attempt has been made to change the outline or soften the savagery of the story. In addition, any alterations that have been made are actually an improvement on the original. The author sacrificed everything to his climax which was, for a novelette, a long time coming. The screen version wastes no time in sorting out its personnel. Its sturdy sub-human types are ticked off expertly in the first ten minutes, and from that point on the story heads straight and relentlessly towards its heartshaking conclusion. Nobody is let off anything here—neither the good people on the screen nor the good people in the audience. "The Ox Bow Incident" is a galloping Western, this time with a fully adult theme. As a sort of accidental postscript to the Detroit riots it could easily leave you with the feeling that the human race is scarcely worth the trouble it takes with itself. The only hope the picture offers is the hint at the last that the vestigial sense of conscience left among the few is still capable of rebuking the many.

Henry Fonda is the only star of any magnitude here and his slow-witted trigger-tempered performance is the best he has ever given on the screen. The rest of the cast is just as admirable. Indeed "The Ox Bow Incident" is another proof, if any were needed, that there are no hams left in the movie-industry. Every character actor in Hollywood can act. Given the right expert material and direction he can act superbly.

"MY FRIEND FLICKA" is also the screen version of a best seller. I didn't read the original so can't tell how closely or loosely the movie interpretation conforms. I suspect the original of the original however to be John Steinbeck's "The Red Pony", of which "My Friend Flicka" is a softened and juvenile version.

This is the story, much prettified by technicolor and treatment, of a ranch-boy and his horse. The simple homeliness at which the picture strives is considerably modified by the resemblance of the Western ranch to Mary Pickford's gift bungalow; also by the ranch-wife's house frocks and pinnies which looked as though they had been "presented" by Mrs. Pleasants Pennington. On the whole however "My Friend Flicka" is an easy picture to sit through, especially on a day when the outside world is clamorous and the humidity high. Roddy MacDowell, Preston Foster and Rita Johnson have the principal roles and manage them easily and naturally. The horses, directed not by a mere horse-trainer but by an Equine Supervisor are all high class performers, as they should be, and a great pleasure to watch.

"PRESENTING Lily Mars" owes a great deal to Judy Garland and very little I suspect to Booth Tarkington. This is the story of the stage struck young girl who comes to New York and opens a career for herself over the tough though rather whimsical prejudices or a New York theatrical producer (Van Heflin.) There are quite a number of popular old songs, including the deathless "Every Little Movement has a Meaning all its Own" and the production is elaborate. The story is even older than the songs, and not nearly so presentable by this time.

"Hello Frisco Hello" brings Alice Faye back to the screen, much enhanced in looks (through technicolor) and considerably reduced in figure. The story has to do with a group of bar-room entertainers on the Barbary Coast and their ups and downs in the world of entertainment and society. Alice loves John Payne, John Payne loves Alice but is temporarily diverted by a soulless and wonderfully over-dressed girl from Nob Hill (Lynn Bari). It takes the crash of several fortunes, a broadening trip to Europe and much heartbroken singing by Miss Faye to get him back on the beam, but eventually he is righted. Apparently the producers still figure that given technicolor, plenty of old songs and an air-conditioned audience, you can just pick your plot out of the back of the bottom drawer.

These women are stripping old car seats for leather in the world's biggest junk yard in England. Each week 1,500 cars are scrapped here.

Theatre

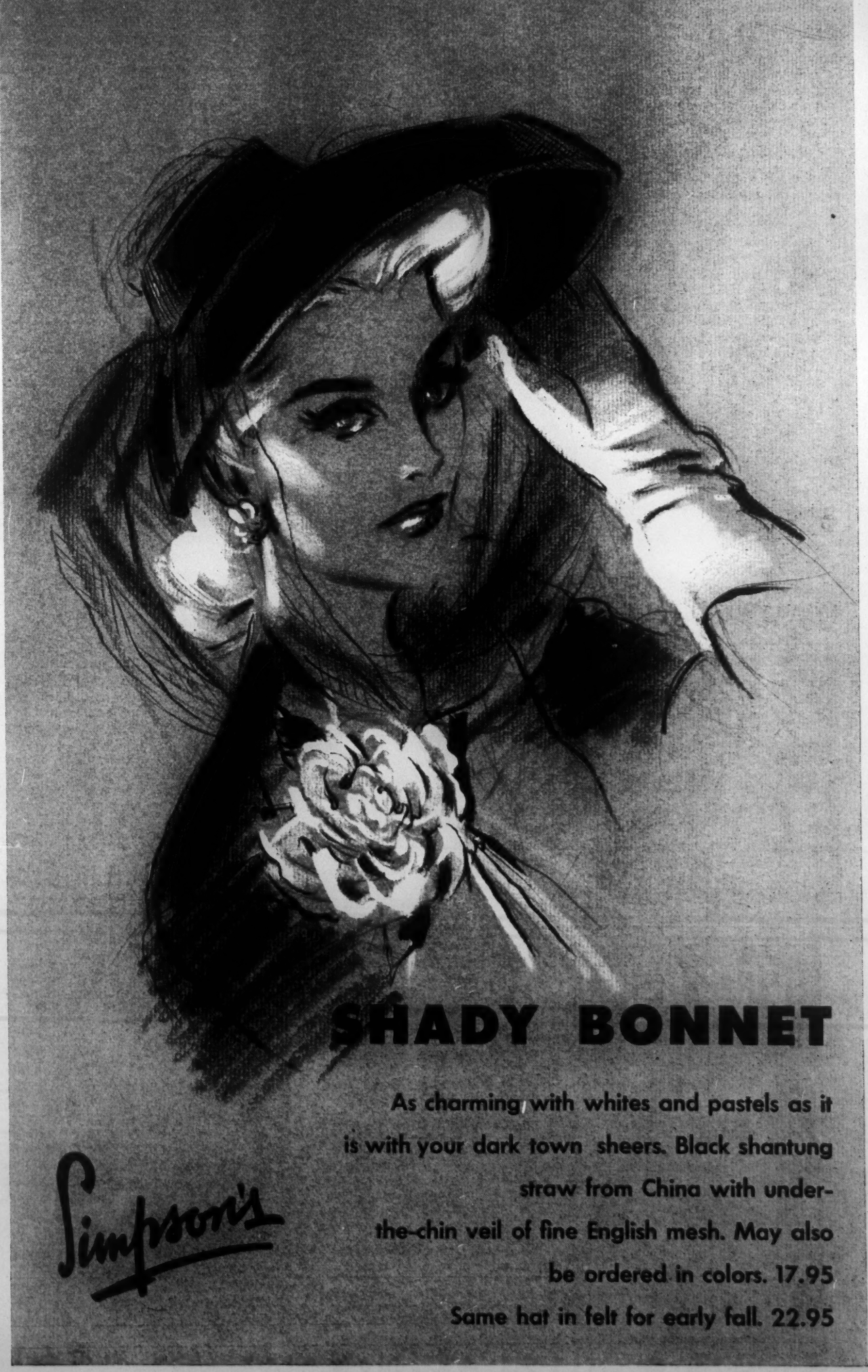
The Summer Show

BY LUCY VAN GOGH

THERE are few plays of the inter-war period more likely to entertain future generations of theatre-goers far into the latter half of the century than "The Late Christopher Bean," that charming study of the reactions of his friends and relatives to the posthumous fame of a man whom none of them bothered much about when he was alive and unfamous. It is cynical, but with the kindly cynicism of an Anthony Trollope rather than the brutal cynicism of a Sinclair Lewis. It contemplates the weaknesses of human beings without that disgusted surprise that human beings are not superhumanly strong which was so common in most of the inter-war literature. Technically it is very deft and workmanlike, and offers great scope for accomplished acting.

This of course is what it gets at the hands of Pauline Lord, an actress whom Toronto should have seen more often, and her associates at the Royal Alexandra this week. The point needs to be reiterated that, in spite of relatively low prices, these summer shows are not at all like the old summer stock companies. There is plenty of rehearsal, at any rate so far as knowledge of the script is concerned, though there is occasionally a little less building-up of a character, in the hands of the less experienced members of the cast, than there would be if the director had six or eight weeks in which to coach them. The principals seldom suffer even from this limitation, for in most cases, as with Miss Lord and two of her companions in this piece, they are actually reviving roles which they have played in New York and to which they long ago imparted all the enrichment of which they are capable.

Miss Lord's portrayal of the housemaid who was Christopher Bean's only real friend and understander is pure delight. Clarence Derwent, also of the New York original company, is completely smooth as the unscrupulous art dealer, and Arthur Jarrett gives a warm and when necessary explosive portrait of the small-town New England doctor. But the whole company this week is extremely good. This is a first-rate show, much better than many at winter prices.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FEMININE OUTLOOK

A Background for Madam

BY MARGARET SEATON CORRY

WHEN veteran interior decorators hear that you're going to probe the mysteries of their business, they, invariably, say, "Do start at the bottom and learn by experience!" That may, partially, explain why, one Monday morning, I found myself, a mixture of emotions, in the drapery department of a large store, with a salesbook clutched in my hands.

What I want to say, however, has nothing to do with the impetuosity that put me in that sphere—everyone, now and then, resents his limitations and likes to day-dream about what he would do if he had another's opportunity—it is concerned rather with the perverse nature of the average shopper and her effect on the daily life of the salesclerk.

There is nothing more disconcerting, for instance, than the customer who makes it clear from the start that she is certain your powers of imagination will not reach beyond a temperate green and mauve for her bedroom. She is convinced such combinations as aqua and quince-yellow; burnt-caramel, gold and sage-green; turquoise and wine; or, garnet, mouse-grey and frost-white are more than a trifle beyond your scope.

On the other hand, welcome is the open-minded soul who believes you can help create a pleasing, friendly background in her home. It is with gratitude that you show her what a long way she can go on a limited budget with unlimited imagination.

A Gift From Louis XV

Salesclerks are schooled to meet unexpected situations with an unruffled manner. If a shopper becomes excited, nervous and tense, anticipating the worst, there is nothing like that most democratic of all expressions—the smile—to allay her fears. The saleslady is as quick to recognize a patron of affluent means and a parsimonious outlook as she is to perceive one with an obstinate budget and an irrepressible growth of refinement. She senses almost immediately the patron who will venture to bring grandmother's heirloom, a Victorian sofa, up to date with a colorful chintz cover and the one who will leave it in its threadbare state rather than lay an irreverent finger upon it.

One day, a lady with a middling good figure, who carried herself superbly, approached me and told me she was seriously considering redecorating her bedroom. She described to me, as we sauntered between the display racks, the old-rose boudoir with its chaise longue, its four-poster, its rugs, lamps, etc. Occasionally, I would draw out a sample of material and make a suggestion with which she always heartily agreed. After that, she presented herself in the department regularly and kept me in a perpetual panic about her affairs. One day, she grasped me strongly by the arm and asserted that she slept in her chaise longue every night as it was more comfortable than her bed. Another day, she whispered that she had just bought a beautiful example of carving, which had been presented to Marie Antoinette by Louis XV, but I must not tell, as no one would believe me!

From that time on, it was a little game we played. She would hide among the display racks plotting to boxes I was intent on straightening, divert my attention from the stock and I would try desperately to train my instincts to give notice when she had gone.

Now and then, we would get a taste of over-ambitious youth, when a young girl would come to the department and go whole-heartedly into the business of redecorating her room. Yards and yards of point d'esprit would be ordered to veil the view in gossamer fineness, quilted satin to sheathe the "couch of down" in classic simplicity, and Victorian cabbage roses on warp-printed faille to drape the vanity and to shroud the chair. Two days later, when all or part of the order was cancelled, we would know that over-ambition had settled down to a good, honest level.

Cobwebs and Majolica

Many women, collectors of furnishings that are hall-marked with the cobwebs of antiquity and connoisseurs of the betterments of a gilt-edged life, are enraged with the apparent ignorance of the department coterie. From a Utopian cloud of the rarest collectors' items, fashioned, no doubt, at the request of Emperors, they proceed to open up a whole new horizon for the bewildered staff. Rose breche marble mantels may mean nothing to us, but if Mrs. Solitaire has three in her portly mansion, it is high time the fabric manufacturers considered this in making up their stock.

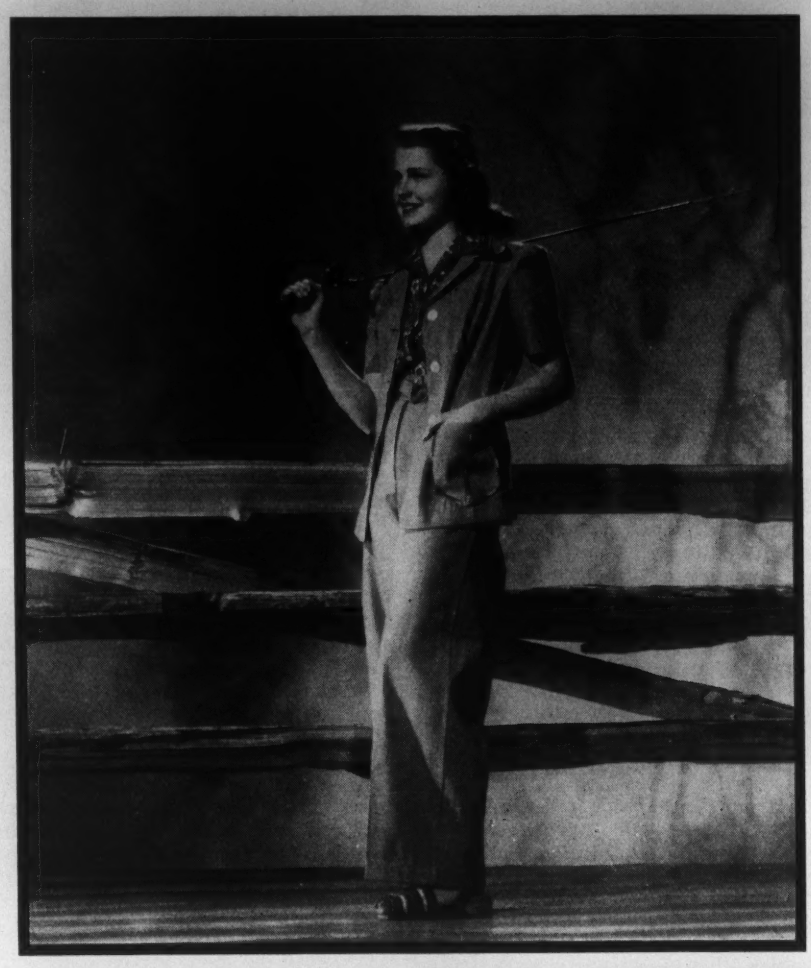
A tired clerk, who had, on her right, a lady undecided between the purchase of two and one-eighth yards of green upholstery tape at six cents a yard and the purchase of two and one-quarter yards of the same, and, on her left, a man who wanted a brass curtain rod two feet longer than standard length, answered the telephone which was ringing blatantly behind her. A high-pitched agitated voice said, "I bought Venetian blinds from you people several months ago. Do I wash them?" To which our clerk replied in the affirmative. "But," wailed the voice, "they aren't dirty! Why should I wash them?" The clerk then suggested that she dust them. "Well—if you think I can dust them, why did you tell me to wash them?" the voice wanted to know. With the sigh of the tolerant, it was explained to her that sometimes the blinds get spotted with rain and have to be washed. Whereupon, the reply came back, "I can't understand how they could get rain spotted—my blinds are on the inside, not the outside, of the window!"

It has been said the wolf is the hardest animal to trap, so great is the keenness of his sense of smell, his sagacity and his apparent understanding of the wiles of man. But, try trapping a woman with a duchess complex into purchasing a little item upon which she has set her heart. She'll take home the little marvel with half a dozen others for consultation with her husband, her mother, her sister and, perhaps, the upstairs' maid. She'll try each sample with the old cherrywood table, with the old pine chest, gather a variety of opinions and two months later keep the one on which she had first set her heart.

Homemakers in the Raw

When the salesgirl gives her hair its final pat and sharpens her pencil for the business of the day, she knows she has to deal with every type of homemaker from the merry little widow, whose heart and home life have expanded to take in lodgers, to the woman who gushes flattery and drags in her wake a female offspring, with the build of a wrestler, in track shorts and jersey. Sometime during her day, she'll take time to show a friendly little woman from a neighboring village how she can use the cheapest materials and, with what she already has, transform them into a harmonious whole; she'll lend herself to the family life of gentlefolk in order to suggest wearable upholstery fabrics and complimentary appointments; she'll come to the aid of the distraught by matching wisps of nondescript color with some legitimate yardage. With the pores of her heart open wide, she'll be subjected to the weakness and pretense of many people.

When she finds it impossible to meet the demands of a client, through no fault of her own, she will achieve unpopularity, and will not be left in doubt about it. Each day, she gathers, unknowingly, philosophical nutriment—fragmentary glimpses of human nature—which will serve as viaticum for an unfortified old age. But, in the meantime, she'll smile pleasantly and say, "Madam, may I help you?"



A blue denim slack suit has the sturdy qualities necessary for fishing.

They Threw Off the Veil

BY SONIA TOMARA

THE shackles laid on women by Mahomet's faith are still heavy in India. If not born into a poor family of workers, where sexes are equal in labor, most Indian Moslem women still live in seclusion.

But times are changing in the East as well as in the West. I have just met three women who, with one stride, have crossed several centuries, and have stepped out of the dark past of their ancestors into the world of the future.

These three pioneers of Indian womanhood belong to one family, the Mian family of Lahore. They represent three generations: the grandmother, Lady Shafi, was the first woman of the Punjab to throw off her veil. Her daughter, the Begum Shah Nawaz, is an important figure in the Indian Government. The granddaughter, Mumtaz Shah Nawaz, is a prominent member of India's Communist party.

Each of these women has been a rebel and a fighter, and each of them has won her victory in the face of fierce opposition. Lady Shafi, now 66 years old, is white-haired, with a quiet, kind and wise face. "It was terrible when I first left the women's quarters of our home," she told me. "Everybody talked about it. It had never happened in Lahore before."

Scandalous Conduct

But neither she nor her husband, the late Sir Mohammed Shafi, minded the scandal. He was in the Viceroy's Executive Council and he wanted his wife to act as hostess. "She did it very well," her daughter recollects. "My father always said that at her first reception she was as natural as if she had done it all her life."

But in Lahore the men pointed their fingers at her and the women hissed that she preferred men's company to their own.

Her daughter, Jahan Ara Begum Shah Nawaz, has gone quite a step farther than her mother. She visited the United States last year as the only woman delegate to the Council on Pacific Relations. Here in Delhi, she is the only woman who sits at the Viceroy's Council for National Defense.

As a child she learned Urdu, the language of Moslem India; she read the Koran in Arabic, she understood some Persian; at 11 she was taught English and wrote an article on women's education. When she was 12, her father began to read her his speeches and dictate to her.

A Child Bride

Jahan was brilliant in her studies and even after her father married her off to her cousin at the age of 15, she kept on going to school.

At the age of 16 she had her first child, whom she called Mumtaz, which means "Exalted". The second girl was called Nesim Jahan, "Morning Breeze". As her children grew up, the young Begum Shah Nawaz was still in *purdah*, or segregation. But she ardently sought emancipation for Moslem women.

When she was 24 and had three children, her father took her and her sister, Begum Bashir Ahmed, to Calcutta and told them: "Girls, now is your chance to get out of *purdah*." Begum Shah Nawaz took to freedom with great ease. She made her first speech before a mixed gathering of men and women in Simla and was applauded. But for several more years, neither her mother nor she dared to show their faces in public in Lahore. "Until eight years ago, I wore the veil when I went to my native village," the Begum says. "As I go there bare-faced now, my tenants lower their eyes in shyness."

The Begum's great opportunity in life came in 1930. Her father was asked to sit on an Imperial Conference in London and she acted as his secretary. Men and women of London gathered to have a glimpse of "the beautiful Indian woman who threw the veil .off." A few months later an unprecedented honor was bestowed on her. His Majesty's Government asked her to be one of the two women delegates at the Round Table on India. The other was a Hindu woman.

Today, the Begum, who is a beautiful widow of 47, is an outstanding political figure not only in the province of Punjab, best-run in India, but also in Delhi. She works and talks like a man, though she has a woman's charm. Her political enemies say she is a conservative, because she co-operates with the British and supports their government. She wants Dominion status for India.

Tazi, her daughter, has gone much further than the Begum in her political views. Her interest in Communism is typical of the way in which the mind of the younger Indian generations is now moving.

Determined Spinster

Tazi has never known the veil. She was brought up without restrictions. At the age of seven she declared that she would never marry and at 30 she is still without a husband, which is very unusual for a Mussulman girl. "She was a little rebel, always," her mother says.

I met Comrade Mumtaz, as the Communists call her, at a meeting of Communist peasants, not far from Lahore. "I had not known she was a member of the Communist party," her mother told me. "If I had, I would have had to put her under lock when I was in the Punjab Government." Until last August the Communist party was illegal in India. It is authorized now because its members preach an all-out war against the Axis.

Tazi, who is interested only in poetry and social welfare, is now a prominent member of the party in Lahore. She works at the party headquarters, she rubs elbows with the poorest millhands of Punjab. She is a striking girl, tall and slim, with laughing eyes and mouth.

If Indian women move forward as fast as the women of the Mian family have, they will not be far behind us in the near future. But so far the Mian family is an exception.

★ A Thick Sauce from the English recipe—Gives zest to all meat and fish dishes.

19

C&B THICK SAUCE BY CROSSE & BLACKWELL

HERE'S HOW I MAKE COFFEE GO FURTHER

FIRST of all—buy coffee for flavor! *I* use super-rich Chase & Sanborn Coffee!

Then I make it a rule to keep coffee in an air-tight container. And to get the right strength, I always measure the coffee and water carefully. Of course, I keep the coffee-pot scoured clean, and make only the exact amount of coffee needed—never more. And I serve it as soon as possible.

But getting plenty of flavor in the first place is most important! So I say—be sure you get super-rich Chase & Sanborn Coffee. More flavor ounce for ounce. Remember—quality coffee goes further.

CHASE & SANBORN COFFEE

CONCERNING FOOD

Do You Know Your Herbs?

BY JANET MARCH

TO MOST people herbs mean rather depressing looking advertisements which are stuffed in their letter boxes, so that the word is connected with somewhat extravagant claims of all sorts of cures from tumors to headaches by means of drinking strange brews. The marvellous smell of roasting turkey, bursting with carefully seasoned dressing doesn't necessarily mean herbs to them at all. But it should, for it's those dried up bits and pieces which do the trick. Of course it's all wrong to scorn herbs as medicines. Mediaeval apothecaries mayn't have had the sulfa drugs to fool with, but they collected their cures from the woods and often did a pretty good job. Still we'll leave that aspect of the herb market to those who know about it, for what we are interested in is in how herbs make food taste, not whether they can cure scabies.

There is all sorts of lore about the properties of vegetables and herbs. Diogenes claimed that lentils quickened wits, and the Romans thought lettuce induced sleep. Radishes are said to sweeten the blood, so if you have been acting rather nastily lately buy yourself a bunch. Broom infused in beer does the liver good. Parsley, which so many people pick off their food and throw away, is full of iron, helps to take the smell of onions from your breath, and eases the pain of wasp stings.

Rue has some interesting and variegated properties. "It diminishes the force of love in man, increasing it in woman. Eaten raw, it both clears eth sight and the perception of the mind, and when cooked it destroys fleas." Also "The juice of rue mixed with olive oil is said to be good for tired feet if well rubbed in."

All in all you see you simply can't get along without herbs whatever you may have wrong with you, and if you are a gourmet you can't get along without including them in your food. A good many spices are off the market these days. It was a distinct shock not long ago to have to present a ham to the family ungraced with whole cloves, rather like serving iced tea without the lemon. If we are on the watch this summer we can come by a fine collection of herbs and dry them for winter use. There is a wonderful stall in the market here which always has huge piles of fresh or dried herbs on it, and smells so fragrant that it is a pleasure to walk past.

People who have been in England lately reiterate that there is plenty of food but what is missing is the flavor and tang. Well we can get quite a lot of those particular commodities out in the un-rationed herb market so let's consider how to use them. This summer we are all going to serve just as many fresh vegetables as we can and herbs can dress them up nicely.

String Beans

These are improved by adding a few sprays of fresh summer savory, or a teaspoonful of them dried tied up in a bit of cheese cloth. As with most dishes a light sprinkling of very finely chopped parsley just before serving helps.

Cabbages

These are beginning to appear again at prices which don't remind one so vividly of king's ransoms. Stuffing a green cabbage is a fine way to economize on your meat ration and also makes a good way of finishing up the end of a roast, which in the good old days the dog might have enjoyed. Try stuffing the cabbage with diced lamb mixed with fresh sweet majoram.

Herb Butter

This is a good alternate to the North American habit of plunking a large lump of plain butter on every vegetable. To make it correctly you should have unsalted butter but wartime shortages have stopped us all following our recipes as carefully as we used to and herb butter with salted butter is pretty good. To two ounces of butter add one tablespoonful of chopped green herbs, and if you don't like chopping, which is no one's favorite occupation, try cutting them up carefully with a good sharp pair of scissors. Cream the butter with the herbs, add a dash of lemon juice, salt and pepper, and put on vegetables just the way you do plain butter. Give them a bit of a stir before serving.

Mayonnaise

This invaluable aid to summer housekeeping can be dressed up in all sorts of ways with a few herbs. Chopped chives turn it into Sauce Tartare, with only a minute's work. Try adding mashed hard boiled eggs and a couple of tablespoonfuls of chopped tarragon, a little dry English mustard and a squeeze of lemon juice.

French Dressing

It is generally accepted that French dressing is the right trimming for a green salad, but often you get a queer mixture of unblended oil and vinegar with little flavoring. Small quantities of fresh green herbs chopped and put in just a few minutes before the dressing is poured over the salad and tossed do a whole lot to encourage non-vitamin eaters.

Marinading meat is a thing which not many cooks in this country take time to do yet, particularly with veal and meats which are a bit dull to eat if they haven't some decided flavor added to them, it is well worth while. It is really a very easy thing to do. You cut incisions in the meat and smooth in the marinade letting the rest of it soak in from the outside. Many cooks recommend marinading meat for a whole day, but if you let it stand overnight you will get good results. Probably you won't be able to get all the ingredients in this recipe but try it even with a few of them and see if it isn't worth the trouble.

Veal Marinade

1 clove of garlic
Chopped celery leaves
Chopped parsley
Lemon juice
Olive oil 2 tablespoonfuls
1 teaspoonful of thyme
1 tablespoonful of crushed juniper berries

Mix together and rub into the incisions and over the surface of the meat, and let stand at least half a day.

TATTLE TALE

AS I walked out one morning
Down Tittle Tattle Lane,
Every curtain danced a jig
At every window-pane.

People snipped and snappered there
And worried like a bone
Their neighbors' lives, because they had
No meat upon their own.

GILEAN DOUGLAS.

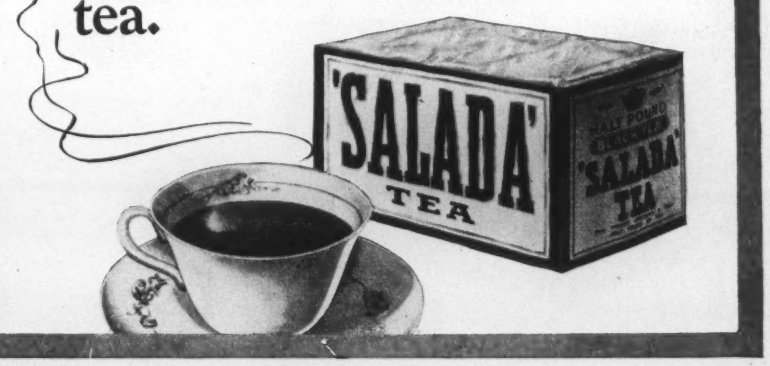
"MAGIC" MINCED CHICKEN ROLL

SERVES 8
ESTIMATED COST 55¢

2 cups flour
4 tsp. Magic Baking Powder
½ tsp. salt
4 tbs. shortening
1 egg
½ cup milk
1½ cups minced leftover chicken
4 tbs. milk
2 tsp. finely chopped onions
2 tbs. chopped parsley

Sift first 3 ingredients, mix in shortening. Beat egg in measuring cup, add milk to make ¾ cup; add to first mixture. Roll out ¼ inch thick. Mix remaining ingredients, spread on dough. Roll up like jelly roll and bake in hot oven (425° F.) 30 minutes. Serve with leftover chicken gravy.

Famous for flavour since 1892 — a high standard of quality maintained for half-a-century has made 'Salada' Canada's favourite tea.



"IF YOU WANT BREAD THAT'S JUST RIGHT"

LET FLEISCHMANN'S FRESH YEAST DO YOUR BAKING FOR YOU

●If you bake at home don't risk doughy, indigestible bread. For 70 years Canadian women have found Fleischmann's *fresh* Yeast *dependable.* It makes bread that's delicious, light and smooth-textured — really *good* bread! That's why it is Canada's *favorite* fresh Yeast. Buy Fleischmann's fresh Yeast from *your* grocer today!

GET MORE VITAMINS — MORE PEP! Eat 2 cakes of FLEISCHMANN'S *fresh* Yeast every day. This Yeast is an excellent natural source of the B Complex group of vitamins!

MADE IN CANADA

Margaret Wright, whose appointment as Matron of Hamilton Military Hospital with rank of Acting-Captain, was announced recently. Formerly a Nursing Sister at Camp Borden Military Hospital, she is a graduate of Toronto General Hospital for Nurses, and also post-graduate of the School of Nursing, University of Toronto.

RATION NEWS

Tea/Coffee and Sugar Coupons:	Nos. 9 & 10 Valid June 24th Nos. 11 & 12 Valid July 22nd		Remain valid until declared invalid.
Butter Coupons:	Nos. 16 & 17 Valid June 24th		Expire July 31st
	Nos. 18 & 19 Valid July 8th		Expire July 31st
	Nos. 20 & 21 Valid July 22nd		Expire Aug. 31st
Meat (Spare "A") Coupons:	Pair No. 5 Valid June 24th		Expire July 31st
	Pair No. 6 Valid July 1st		Expire July 31st
	Pair No. 7 Valid July 8th		Expire July 31st
	Pair No. 8 Valid July 15th		Expire Aug. 31st
	Pair No. 9 Valid July 22nd		Expire Aug. 31st
	Pair No. 10 Valid July 29th		Expire Aug. 31st
Canning Sugar Coupons:	The Canning Sugar Coupons marked "June" and "July" are now valid and remain valid until September 30th, 1943.		

Meat and butter Coupons becoming valid before the 15th of a month, expire at the end of that month. Meat and butter Coupons becoming valid on or after the 15th of a month, expire at the end of the following month.

Meat Coupons

The law provides that bookholders when purchasing meat must surrender at the time of purchase to the seller, valid meat Coupons. It is, therefore, illegal for merchants to issue, or bookholders to accept, I.O.U.'s or any form of credit slip or token for meat for later supply. In other words, if the purchase of meat does not equal the full Coupon value, small balances must be either ignored or taken in such easy "make weight" items as sausages, hamburger, etc.

Removal of Coupons

While it is illegal for anyone to present loose Coupons when purchasing rationed goods, the law allows the book holder to remove Coupons in the presence of the merchant or his employee. This practice may be preferable when purchasing meat. It not only assists the merchant but may prevent your ration book from becoming soiled.

RATION ADMINISTRATION
THE WARTIME PRICES AND TRADE BOARD

Ration News — Week of June 28th, 1943. 13

THE DRESSING TABLE

Stockings Out of a Bottle

BY ISABEL MORGAN

LAST year about this time a few timid or conservative characters were still toying with the fascinating idea of leg make-up. This July there are no inhibitions—or if there are, we haven't heard about them. The fact that a coat of something out of a bottle is cooler on the skin than even the filmiest two-thread stocking (when they were to be had) is something that isn't to be ignored when the mercury is doing nip-ups. But the greatest charm of all is that make-up saves stockings for the months when custom and the weather decree that they be worn. Then too, leg make-up when carefully done, has a sleek streamlined look that is extraordinarily attractive.

This make-up should not be regarded as a timesaver, for it is not—not if it's done right. Neither will it throw a rigid time table of dressing out of kilter if you will take a few practice shots in your leisure moments.

Some Shouldn't

The recent hot weather has brought out some rather unsightly and horrible examples of the art of leg make-up. There are the youngsters—generally of high school age—who wear it blandly ignorant or careless of the fact that the light fuzz they haven't bothered to remove before putting the stuff on is a pretty gruesome sight to the onlooker. There are others who should know better but apparently don't, and apply it over roughened or dry skin to which it clings in dark patches. There are still others who should not wear it at all. Most of these preparations *will* cover and conceal minor blemishes, but large prominent veins are better hidden by stockings until medical treatment has made them disappear.

Everyone knows by now that the skin of the face must be given certain care and preparation in order to be receptive to make-up. And now that we have begun putting make-up on the legs we shall have to understand that the skin there must be given preliminary care and preparation, also.

One of the first steps, of course, leads to an absolutely smooth surface and this involves the use of a depilatory or a safety-razor to remove the light fuzz. Then there is the process of getting rid of those hard little areas that sometimes form at the back of the heels—the result of shoes that slip up and down and form slight callouses on the skin. These can be banished by the use of pumice and vigorous rubbing with a rough towel immediately after the bath.

Smooth Work

Quite often the skin of the legs has a tendency to be dry or rough. It can be made soft and smooth by treatment similar to that given the skin of the face when it is dry. Apply a rich cream and leave it on over night, or be generous with your supply of hand lotion and let it perform wonders as you rest. And immediately after the bath, when the cuticle has been softened, don't spare your efforts with the rough towel.

Having done all this practice applying the stocking lotion, which may be contained in a bottle or a tube. Do read the manufacturer's directions. Not all methods are the same, and you can be sure the manufacturer has good reasons for the one he suggests. Don't skimp the quantity if you want that stunning matt effect that is half the charm of leg make-up. Don't try to make an imitation of a stocking seam down the back of the leg with a brown eyebrow pencil. It can't be done convincingly enough— not unless there is a kind friend around to lend a steady hand. And do be prepared to keep the toenails exquisitely manicured—especially if you are wearing open-toed shoes. Use the same color as that on your finger-nails—or one that is a darker tone of the same shade.

Those who wear closed shoes and dislike the feel of them without the extra protection of stockings, will find the investment of the odd quarter in a pair of footees well worth while in the comfort they give.

Longer Life for Stockings

Do you know that the worst enemy your precious stockings have is perspiration?

Perspiration is very acid, and acid is destructive to all types of fabrics. The perspiration that makes the feet sticky and uncomfortable, and stockings damp, eats away at the stocking fibre. Stocking manufacturers advise us, to lengthen the life of stockings, to wash them out each night—to rinse away the perspiration acids. But this nightly washing only reduces the destructive action of perspiration acids—it does nothing to protect them during the day, while they are on the feet, in direct contact with the perspiration acids.

To fully protect stockings from perspiration acids, feet must be prevented from perspiring. This can be done, quite easily, by applying a deodorant cream every day or every second or third day, depending on how freely the feet perspire.

Rub on the cream after the morning bath or shower. Leave it on until you are ready to put your stockings on, then wipe off the feet with a damp washcloth.

Preventing perspiration in this way can have no harmful effect, it simply diverts the flow of perspiration from the feet to other parts of the body where it can evaporate more readily. The feet remain dry and the stockings wear ages longer!

SIGN OF THE TIMES

HE USED to send a dozen pair of hose to sweety face,
Now they come in bottles, so he sends along a case.

—NICK.

Native of Toronto, lovely Margaret Knight has been uprooted from home soil to act as private secretary to the Wing Commander of the R.A.F. Delegation, Washington, D. C. Questioned about her lovely skin, Margaret confided, "My complexion would be only 'so-so' without Woodbury Soap. Yet friends tell me my skin is like creamy velvet."

"Prettiest Canadian War Worker in the States"

She keeps her complexion sparkling with a Woodbury Facial Cocktail

1. "Pressure of work leaves little time for beauty frills," says Margaret. "After a long and grimy day, I take a Woodbury Facial Cocktail to bring back clear, fresh sparkle."

2. "That veil of dirt and stale make-up is soon dissolved. I just pat a rich, silky lather of Woodbury Soap over my face. Then take a cold, clear rinse." Try this true *skin* soap.

3. "Homesick? Not with so many of our boys about," says Margaret. Her beauty soap, Woodbury, contains a costly ingredient for mildness. Helps Nature cope with clogged pores.

4. Use Woodbury Soap to cleanse your skin of dirt which may coarsen pores. Made of pure oils, quick to lather. Let Woodbury bring you "*The Skin You Love to Touch.*" Only 10¢.

★ BUY WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES AND STAMPS ★ (MADE IN CANADA)

One of the new off-the-collar coiffures, this hairstyle was created by Elizabeth Arden for Joan Wetmore (Mrs. W. Palmer Dixon) of New York who is in the cast of "Counsellor at Law" with Paul Muni. In her off-theatre time she serves as a Nurses' Aide, and her hairstyle is designed to be attractive during all the varied activities of her busy day.

this

Cream Deodorant Stops Perspiration

SAFELY Doesn't irritate skin or harm clothing.

QUICKLY Acts in 30 seconds. Just put it on, wipe off excess, and dress.

EFFECTIVELY Stops perspiration and odour by effective pore inactivation.

LASTINGLY Keeps underarms *sweet* and *dry* up to 3 days.

PLEASANTLY Pleasant as your favourite face cream—flower fragrant—white and stainless.

and

this big jar contains 21 more applications* for 39¢ than other leading deodorants

*50% larger jar—entire contents usable (doesn't dry up)

NEW ODORONO CREAM CONTAINS AN EFFECTIVE ASTRINGENT NOT FOUND IN ANY OTHER DEODORANT

Stubborn tarnish yields quickly to- "Goddard's"

PRECIOUS silver is safe while "Goddard's" polishes attack ugly stains and remove them quickly and surely. "Goddard's" reveals the glowing lustre of Sterling or Plate without scratches or smears. Maintain the natural beauty of your silver with easy-to-use "Goddard's"—favored by five generations.

"Goddard's"

Plate Powder or Liquid Polish

IN BOXES IN TINS

famous for 100 years

Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers J. Goddard & Sons, Ltd., Leeds, England

AGENTS: W. G. Patrick & Co. Ltd., Toronto Watson & Truesdale, Winnipeg

EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT
Informed and entertaining comment on the week's happenings at home and abroad.

THE OTHER PAGE

Good-bye Micky, and Good Luck

BY FRANK B. ROBINSON

"MICKY is leaving." Through the grapevine telegraph of a downtown office building in Toronto flashed the startling news. Startling, because Micky was an institution—Micky was permanent. You could leave your accustomed haunts, travel half over the globe, stay away for years—as many of us did—but when you came back, there was Micky.

Micky, standing in the same spot, with the same welcoming grin, and handing you a cup of coffee, and using your name with the same quiet courtesy as though it had been but yesterday that you went away.

Back in 1923, when the League of Nations was in full flower, and the Army of Occupation was being recalled from the Rhine, and Howard Ferguson reigned in Ontario—and all that is a long, long time ago—a little woman came to a decision. With the independent spirit of her Celtic blood she would not accept charity, she would earn a living for herself and her invalid daughter. But she had had no business training, and the only position offered was that of "third girl" at a soda fountain.

So Mrs.—donned a uniform and standing at the end of a counter began to wash dishes. Even her stout heart might have faltered then, as it has at last, could she have foreseen the long dreary years ahead.

IN A downtown drug store nothing ever happens to break the dull routine. "Regular" customers drop away to be replaced by new "regulars" of the same type. Stenographers sport diamond rings and, disappearing into the oblivion that is marriage, are replaced by high school misses with similar ambitions. The conversation of inky-fingered office boys moves up from baseball to golf and gardening, while older men, losing hair and gaining paunches, talk of blondes. But nothing changes the ceaseless round of wash and dry, and today is the same as all the countless yesterdays.

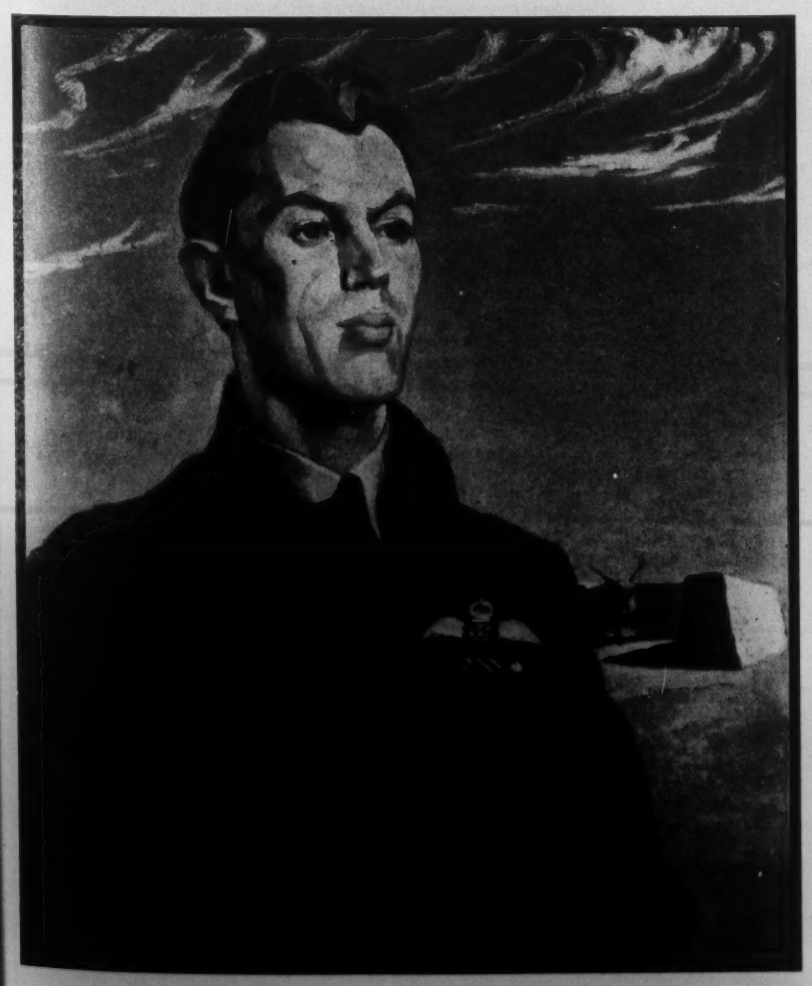
Those countless yesterdays, which have been eventful years in the outside world. The Trans-Atlantic telephone established. Lindbergh, the idol with the feet of clay. The rise of Fascism, the rape of Ethiopia, and the tragedy of Spain. Proud empires biting the dust under the scourge of Naziism.

But the orbit of Micky's world was one arm's length from a dishpan. Although she found time to wait upon numberless customers, Micky's principal task as "third girl" was washing the dishes. (Micky could have been "head girl" long ago, but she persistently refused promotion, not wishing to add business responsibility to her own home worries). With her hands in and out of hot water day after day Micky has washed, over and over again, plates, knives, forks, spoons, cups, saucers, pots, pans and dishes that in the aggregate would amount to over five million pieces. The cups and saucers alone would cover all the marble floors of all the office buildings in Toronto, or laid in one straight line extend half way to North Bay. Is it any wonder that her heart has given out at last, and the doctor has ordered her to quit?

THE store in which Micky has labored is close to the seats of the mighty in Toronto finance and commerce. During the years of Micky's service some of the mighty have fallen, and are remembered because of their fall. Some are remembered because they are still mightier in other places. And some of these mighty have passed on in a blaze of glory but now dimly remembered. But none of these great are worthier to be remembered than the humble Micky who waited upon most of them.

Worthy to be remembered for her unfailing good humor; remembered because she was never flustered in the busiest hour of an always busy fountain. Remembered for the fire of her homely wit. Remembered for quiet self-control when some haughty, complaining nincompoop deserved a flying plate as Micky's answer. Remembered because she understood when you were in a hurry and hastened accordingly. Remembered above all for the indomitable courage that kept her relentlessly at her monotonous task long after failing health warned that a change was inevitable.

It was because of these things which they will remember that customers, collectively and individually, paid tribute to Micky with parting gifts. A nice gesture, warmly human. But by her example Micky gave them more than they could ever give her. The most they could do was but to say "Good-bye Micky, and good luck."



FO. George Beurling, D.S.O., D.F.C., D.F.M. and bar — from a portrait painted by Edwin H. Holgate, R.C.A. for the National Gallery of Canada.

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FINANCE
INSURANCE

THE BUSINESS FRONT

THE MARKET
GOLD & DROSS

Safety for the Investor SATURDAY NIGHT, TORONTO, CANADA, JULY 3, 1943 *P. M. Richards, Financial Editor*

Can Farm and Labor Interests Be Reconciled?

BY PAUL MURPHY

The difficulty of effecting a durable marriage between farm and labor interests, which is the objective of CCF policy in Canada, was strikingly exemplified last week when the Democratic Congress, catering to agriculture, passed the Anti-Strike Bill over the veto of the Democratic President, catering to labor.

This article points out that the two groups are opposed in viewpoint, and cannot be brought together until they have developed a much greater recognition of each other's problems.

THE C.C.F. hopes to ride into power by capitalizing on the discontents of farmers and workers who want a place in the economic sun. It will be a nice trick if the party strategists can do it, but analysis of farm and labor economic interests in North America suggests that a political union between these groups would be an uneasy and unstable affair if ever it achieved power. It is no accident, for example, that the New Deal in the United States, which depended chiefly on a farm-labor coalition, has cracked up.

This is not to say that farmers and workers have little or nothing in common. They will all benefit if full employment can be assured under a political and social order that eliminates uncertainty about the future. But beyond the area of glittering generalities there are countless points of friction. Indeed, given their backgrounds of economic development in Canada, it would be strange if the two groups failed to conflict.

For years farmers were benefitted by free land and cheap land, and they have always fought to increase the benefits they felt the ownership of land should give them. Farmers have fought the railroads, tariff-protected manufacturers, the "money interests," grain speculators and all the varieties of middlemen. They have taken to their bosoms any number of expedients, including "funny money" policies, when they have been convinced, even against reason, that they could thereby increase their share of the national income. Therefore, if labor continues its attempts to increase its share of the national income, even if only partly at the farmers' expense, can there faif to be a fight?

At the root of the potential conflict between farmers and workers is the timeless conflict between labor and capital or property. As proprietors the farmers take the fruits of efficiency but also bear the ordinary risks of business. It is as capitalists, therefore, not as workers, that they use their collective strength in cooperative movements to gain economic ends, and their votes to gain political power.

Workers, on the other hand, have no property rights in the businesses which hire them. To get some control over their jobs—that is, to get the economic equivalent of the farmers' right to own land—workers are bound to use collective action. In their attempts to improve their status, workers must reduce their employers' rights in business, which include the right to take the gains from increased efficiency and the successful appraisal of business risks. If this seems to be too sweeping a statement, it is necessary only to point out that increases in business activity and profits invariably call out demands for higher wages, whereas the downward revision of wages in a depression is relatively difficult.

Moreover, through collective action workers have achieved a measure of economic power that farmers lack. Although farmers have more economic liberty than workers, their collective power suffers because of this

Recovering knocked-out tanks was an important factor in desert warfare and the Canadian army in England, in training for the coming offensive, recently demonstrated how it could whisk a tank from a mud hole (above) by using a couple hundred feet of cable, block and tackle and a powerful six-wheeled Scammel tractor. The cable was threaded through four big steel pulleys, two of which were attached to the tank and the other two to steel bars anchored to the ground 50 feet ahead. When the power was applied the winch on the Scammel took the strain without a quiver.

The same principle of leverage to gain force was applied (above) in righting an overturned "Cruiser" tank. Under actual battle conditions, salvage crews render "first aid" on the spot with an emergency kit of tools.

If however, the damage is too extensive, such tanks are loaded on huge tank transporters (above) and whisked away to the advanced repair station.

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

Advice from Mr. Churchill

BY P. M. RICHARDS

"WE MUST beware of trying to build a society in which nobody counts for anything except a politician or an official, a society where enterprise gains no reward and thrift no privilege." Winston Churchill said that. I don't know when; I read it in an advertisement in the New York *Herald Tribune*. In the same paper last week, just before going to Maple Leaf Gardens to hear Mr. Joseph E. Davies of *Mission to Moscow* fame, I read a piece by Lucius Beebe about the kind of New York the soldiers overseas want to find when they come back. They want—at least, those who wrote Mr. Beebe want—a New York as unchanged as possible from the New York they left. "What we want most to find when we get home," wrote a sergeant who hailed from Callan, California, "is not the bright new world full of milk for Hottentots and such sentimental piffle as we hear from the global humanitarians and other crackpots in high places. We want everything just as we left it, imperfections and all. As other soldiers seem to have written in to you, we're going to do some very drastic things about it if we come back to find that a lot of imbecile 'reforms', like prohibition in the last war, have been put over on us in our absence. Just leave well enough alone at home is all we ask."

Letters like that are interesting not for the strength of their arguments (which are often not very sound) but because they represent the attitude, right or wrong, of what is perhaps a good-sized part of the population. There are plenty of people who don't like having "reforms" forced on them, especially when they have had no say in the making of them. I have read letters from soldiers in *Time* and other publications expressing the strongest hostility to "collective bargaining" for labor. "When I come back," said a typical letter from a soldier in North Africa, "am I to find myself barred from working at my trade until I pay tribute to the fellows who operate the so-called labor unions? Am I going to be stood in line and told what to do as I am now?" The answer, Mr. Soldier, is that you are. That's the kind of world you're coming back to. At least, that's the way it looks now.

Davies Is No Collectivist

Most of the eighteen thousand people at the Salute to Russia meeting last week were Collectivists, judging by the applause. But two of the wisest men there—the two principal speakers, Mr. Joseph E. Davies, former U.S. Ambassador to Russia and recently Mr. Roosevelt's personal postman, and Mr. W. L. Mackenzie King, Prime Minister of Canada,—were very definitely not Collectivists. Yet, as their acts have shown, they are both very good friends of Russia. As Mr. King said, probably no one on this continent has done more to promote an understanding of the Soviet Union and its place in the world than the author of *Mission to Moscow*, a "vital contribution to the development of friendship. . ."

Yet, Mr. King said, "In his book and in all his speeches, Mr. Davies has stressed the fact that he is not a Communist, that he is a believer in the system of private enterprise, that he is proud to be called an individualist, and not ashamed to be designated a 'capitalist'. He is a strong advocate of individual freedom in thought and opportunity. When in Russia, Mr. Davies made it clear that while he recognized that the Soviet system aimed to improve the lot of the common man, he believed that a fairer distribution of wealth and greater equality of opportunity for the underprivileged would be assured by the liberal and progressive methods applied in his own country. But as one whose convictions are founded upon Christian teachings and his Christian faith, Mr. Davies has repeatedly said that he is heart and soul in the endeavor that we on this continent should become close working companions with the Soviet Union."

Progress, and More to Come

No one who has read his book or seen the film based on it or heard him speak on Russia can doubt Mr. Davies' sincerity. And with all his knowledge of Russia and her achievements, Mr. Davies still stands for free enterprise and the capitalistic system, not for what he personally can get out of them but because he believes they can do most for the common people of this continent in the long run.

Surely we can become "close working companions with the Soviet Union", during the war and after it, without having to adopt Russia's system of government and social organization.

Critics of the free enterprise system tend to judge it not by what it has accomplished but by what it has not yet had time to accomplish. One has only to compare the lot of the average worker today—as regards wages, hours and conditions of work, standards of living and relative security against the hazards of unemployment and health—with that of his grandfather to see the enormous progress made under capitalism during the last couple of generations. And the rate of betterment is constantly being speeded up as science yields up its secrets and the knowledge of how to apply them widens. Immense opportunities for progress now lie before us because of new knowledge gained during the war. Are we likely to do better under the bureaucracy of collectivism or under free enterprise? Mr. Churchill is a wise man and we know what he thinks about it: "We must beware of trying to build a society in which nobody counts for anything except a politician or an official, a society where enterprise gains no reward and thrift no privilege."

fact. No farmers are essential in the sense that certain classes of skilled workers are essential.

A strike of a minority of farmers would have no serious economic effects, whereas a strike of a minority of skilled workers could cripple whole industries. Therefore it seems reasonable to hold that the political power of farmers is likely always to be greater than their economic power; and in their attempts to achieve security and equality they must first get political power. Workers, on the other hand, can achieve ever greater economic power without the necessity of resorting to political action.

Farm Labor Costs

The preceding analysis will assume particular significance if ever Canadian farmers' and workers' representatives run in double harness at the policy-making level of the government. Wartime developments have already pointed up some of the fundamental conflicts between the two groups. From the individual farmer's viewpoint the chief difficulty with labor concerns wage rates. From the over-all view-point, of course, farmers compete with industry for labor. But it is precisely because labor's economic power has wrung sweeping concessions from industry that the individual farmer becomes embittered when his costs are indirectly raised through the competition of urban wage rates.

If the C.C.F. should come to power in normal times, how could it manage a further rise in labor's share of the national income which would not raise farm costs even to the extent of setting in motion inflationary forces? Labor unions are initially concerned only with their share in the gross income of a firm or industry; and as long as that firm or industry remains solvent, the price of its product is of no immediate concern to unions. Nevertheless, as the war experience shows, workers cannot escape the effect that higher wages have on prices. Hence a secondary union concern has come to be the relation between wages and the cost of living. But if labor leaders press on to logical conclusions, they will not only seek to raise urban wages but will also unionize farm workers and proceed to secure wage increases for them. In short, further gains consciously achieved by labor will create only further conflicts with farmers or the beginning of inflation —or both.

Farm Co-operatives

If labor leaders refuse to organize farm workers, a C.C.F. Government (again assuming that it will proceed logically) would be bound to extend wages and hours standards to agriculture. There are numerous European precedents for such action, but, if American precedents are any criteria, Canadian farmers will fight bitterly against extension of social security privileges to farm workers that raise costs.

Furthermore, farm co-operatives present special difficulties in farm-labor relations. By using profits as a yardstick for wage increases in this field, labor unions could wholly remove the benefits that farmers seek to gain when they augment their economic power by co-operation. Yet labor has the whip-hand here, for even a short strike in, say, a cannery could mean the loss of a whole crop. Incidents of just such a nature have occurred in the United States, with the result that in certain states farmers have proceeded by political action to limit labor's right to strike, insofar as it is regulated by state law.

Hitherto the divergence of farm and labor interests has usually been obscured because they operate on the protest, and not the policy-making level. Thus the politicians currently in power are the ones who take the blame when matters fail to work out as either group may wish. Politicians are, by the nature of their calling, those who make the compromises and "take the rap." Protests to a politician from either farm or labor groups are played off against each other and weighed according to the voting power of each group. The result is usually a compromise which wholly pleases no one, but which leaves no one wholly unsatisfied.

The war has shown, however, that an administrative arm of government cannot smother the inherent farm-labor antagonism as neatly as the political arm can. The Prices and Trade Board, for example, is inescapably faced with the conflict of farm, labor and consumer interests in the prices and proceeds of agricultural products. And the Board's anti-inflation struggle has already underlined the conflicts between agriculture and labor. On the one hand, the farm lobby under the Minister of Agriculture has defeated the Board on many questions of farm prices; on the other, organized labor leaders increasingly refuse to be bound by a cost of living index which, they say, fails to reflect the real rise in food prices.

Fight to Finish?

The stage seems to be set, in fact, for a finish fight between the political power of the farmers and the economic power of labor. At one time the farmers fought the railroads, monopoly capital and all forms of middlemen; now the object of attack is high wages which are aggravated by the irresponsibility of certain labor leaders. Moreover, the end product of the clash between demands for higher farm prices and higher wages to offset the rise in living costs is inevitably inflated. So far, the C.C.F. has managed to keep both farm and labor groups in a state of incipient revolt precisely because they have never had the responsibility of coming to a decision on practical affairs that would afford mutual satisfaction.

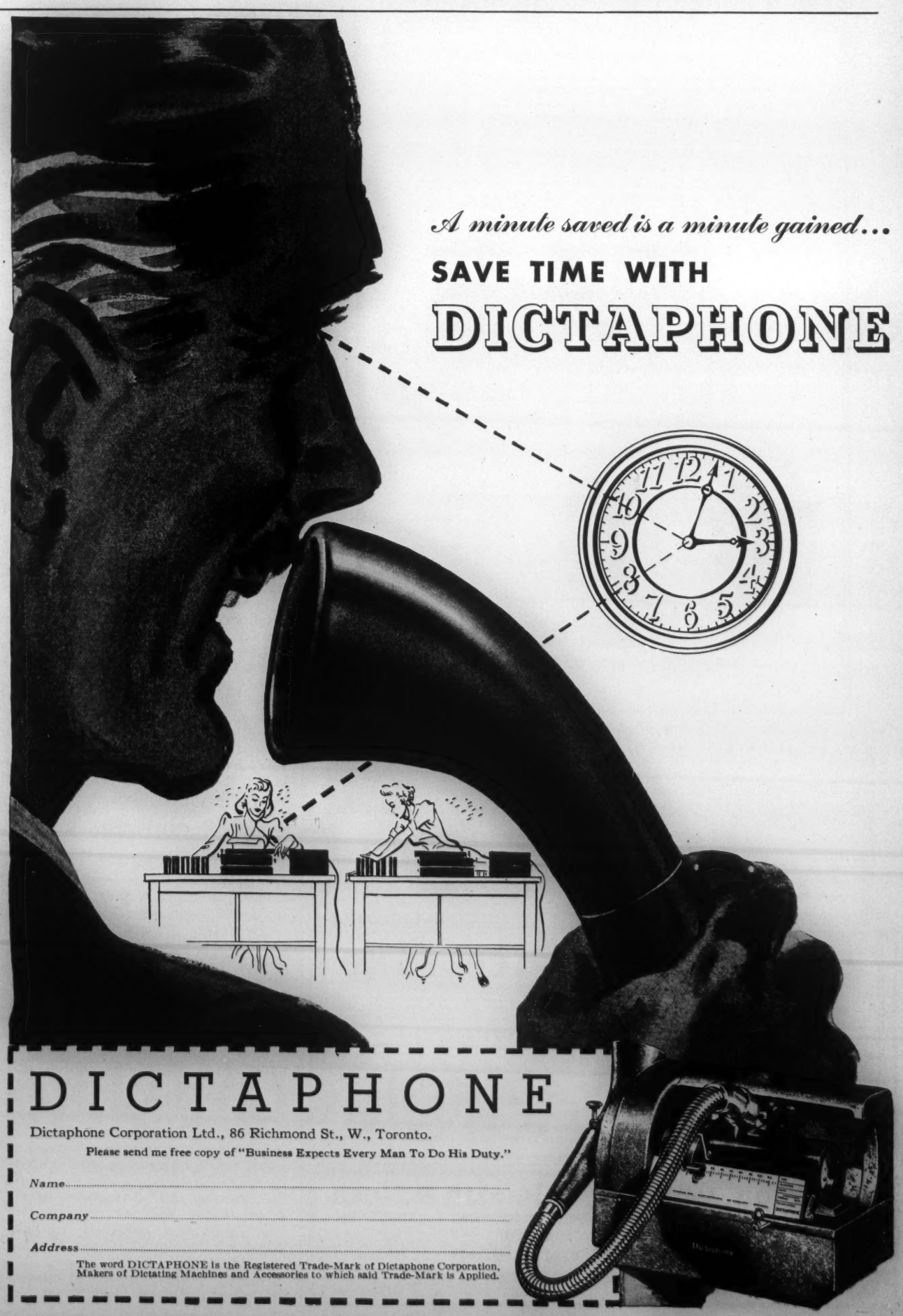
In sum, the war effort supports the Canadian economy now, but it will not always. Ultimately it will be obvious that the interests of farmers and organized labor are not in complete harmony and cannot be. In peacetime, labor unions and farmers can get on together, but only if they realize that mutual concessions and compromises must be made. Labor leaders must realize that the great majority of farmers have low cash incomes and carry the risks of business in a highly competitive and naturally hazardous undertaking. Farmers, in turn, should realize that urban workers are merely trying to get the security that farmers have achieved by owning land. If each group can appreciate the other's view, there may be peace between them.

This happy state of affairs, however, will likely be a long time coming. The Canadian history of labor union action shows that it has been carried on in a fighting atmosphere. Therefore, if farm interests stand in the way of labor aggrandizement, we may expect a fight. In addition, the war has shown that the farmers' political power has been in no way weakened. It is therefore difficult to imagine the traditionally pugnacious farmers knuckling under to the demands, direct or indirect, of labor.

It may be possible to reconcile the two fundamentally opposed viewpoints, and perhaps the C.C.F. brain trustees can do it. True enough, farm and labor interests have been successfully united for a long time in countries such as Sweden. But the Canadian climate of opinion and Canadian economic history suggest that while a coalition of farm and labor votes may have a high nuisance value in opposition, that coalition is bound to disintegrate if it ever tries to function at the policy-making level of government.

Aid for our Russian ally. Somewhere in the Middle East this American sentry is shown guarding supplies of munitions sent from United States.

The two-way motor road built in Burma by army engineers will result in wider use of mechanized equipment by the Indian army. Truck models are employed to demonstrate methods of camouflage to Indian troops.



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Bell Telephone Company of Canada
Bulolo Gold Dredging
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Crown Cork and Seal
Famous Players Canadian
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Jamaica Public Service
John A. Lang & Sons
National Steel Car
Niagara Wire Weaving
Pato Consolidated Gold Dredging
Placer Development
Provincial Transport
H. Simon & Sons
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A pamphlet descriptive of many of the above companies will be forwarded on request to anyone interested.

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Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1727.
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8 West Smithfield, E.C.1 | Burlington Gardens, W.1
64 New Bond Street, W.1
Associated Banks—Williams Deacon's Bank, Ltd. (Members of the London Bankers' Clearing House)
Glyn Mills & Co. (Members of the London Bankers' Clearing House)

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GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

BRAZILIAN TRACTION

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Please state the current yield on Brazilian Traction common stock and say if you think this yield is likely to be maintained.

—H. C. T., St. Lambert, Que.

As there is no established dividend rate on Brazilian Traction common, it's impossible to say definitely what the current yield is. However, on June 15 the company paid 75 cents a share for the first half of 1943 (comparing with 40 cents for the first half of 1942), and if the same amount were paid for the last half the yield to a purchaser at 27 would be 5½ per cent. Earnings per share of common in 1942 were $2.28, comparing with $1.87 in 1941, $1.31 in 1940 and $1.30 in 1939, and with dividends on the common of $1 per share for 1942, 40 cents for 1941 and nothing for 1940 and 1939. So far this year gross earnings have been running well ahead of those of 1942 and the expectation is that a substantial gain in net will be recorded for the full year, though this cannot be taken for granted in view of the uncertainties of war conditions and the scarcity of certain materials affecting Brazilian industry.

However, nowadays the factor determining the size of dividend payments is not earnings but the conditions governing the transfer of funds from Brazil. These have improved considerably, apparently mainly because of a rise in the exchange value of the milreis due to the wartime growth of Brazilian exports.

LEITCH

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Do you consider shares of Leitch Gold Mines worth holding for market appreciation? I would appreciate any information.

—B. M., Belleville, Ont.

Yes, I consider Leitch shares well worth retaining for appreciation as the company appears to be in a better position than most gold producers to weather any further difficulties which may arise in the near future. Ore reserves are sufficient for seven years' milling at the current rate of around 85 tons daily, and liquid assets exceed $700,000, equivalent to over 23 cents for each share issued.

Earnings last year were about 11 cents a share so there was a good margin over dividends. Two cents quarterly is distributed and an extra of one cent was paid in February. Highly favorable results are marking the opening of the block of new levels below the tenth. Lateral development last year was confined to the 11th, 12th, 13th and 14th levels and these show a definite improvement over mine averages from surface to the 9th. A diabase sill intrudes the vein about 200 feet below the 14th level but exploration of the ground below the sill will have to await the end of the war.

GUNNAR

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I would appreciate some information as to the activities of Gunnar Gold Mines since work was stopped on the main property. What is the treasury position and where is its money invested?

—W. L. S., Regina, Sask.

The policy of the directors of Gunnar Gold Mines is to continue the search for new mines by prospecting. Already some promising properties have been secured by option and otherwise, and when the opportunity permits they will be investigated. The company is participating with God's Lake in the exploration of chrome discoveries at Bird River and a large body of medium grade chromite has been disclosed. On the Euclid Lake group, 95% Gunnar owned, a substantial body of chromite ore has also been indicated by diamond drilling similar in grade to that at Bird River.

Gunnar holds controlling interest in Ogama-Rockland Gold Mines. All funds advanced to bring this property into production have been repaid and a substantial balance remains in the treasury. Operations have been halted for the duration but the property warrants further development.

The company's financial position is strong, current assets at the end of 1942 exceeding liabilities by approximately $578,600, or over 21 cents per share. Sales this year, and projected sales of equipment are expected to swell the treasury to a figure equivalent to over 29 cents per issued share. In addition to Dominion of Canada bonds, investments include share holdings in Consolidated Mining and Smelting, International Nickel, Kerr-Addison, San Antonio, East Malartic, Malartic Gold Fields and Teck Hughes.

BATHURST P. & P.

Editor, Gold & Dross:

In view of the failure of Bathurst Power & Paper Co. to pay the 25 cents extra dividend on June 1 that it paid last year, I would like you to state if this means a permanent reduction in dividends and what the earnings trend and financial position are. *—T. L. C., Edmonton, Alta.*

Yes, dividends have declined but so have earnings, and there seems to be no prospect of dividend restoration until there has been a material rise of earnings from present levels. Bathurst's operating profits for the first quarter of 1943 were only $117,739 compared with $425,090 for the same period of 1942, following a heavy drop in the final quarter of last year.

The chief factors in the decline were higher costs of materials and operations, and a shortage of hydro-electric power (due to a smaller rainfall in 1942) that cut down production. While the power situation has improved, President R. L. Weldon said recently that no definite relief was in sight for the higher cost of pulpwood, and without an improvement in selling prices, earnings must be regarded as being definitely on a lower level.

Apparently no more than $1 a share in dividends can be expected for 1943, comparing with $1.50 paid last year and $1.25 in 1941. As regards working capital, the company had current assets of $5,134,374 as of March 31, 1943, against current liabilities of $878,859.

J. P. LANGLEY & CO.
C. P. ROBERTS, F.C.A.
Chartered Accountants
Toronto Kirkland Lake

PLAN AHEAD

The government of Canada has announced plans to finance much of the war expenditure out of current revenue. War taxes of various sorts are being imposed. To meet them the first step is to save systematically. Open an account with this Corporation and be ready when the government calls.

2% on Savings—Safety Deposit Boxes $3 and up —Mortgage Loans.

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Mortgage Corporation
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Penmans Limited
DIVIDEND NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that the following Dividends have been declared for the quarter ending the 31st day of July, 1943.

On the Preferred Stock, one and one-half per cent. (1½%), payable on the 2nd day of August to Shareholders of record of the 2nd day of July, 1943.

On the Common Stock, seventy-five cents (75c) per share, payable on the 16th day of August to Shareholders of record of the 16th day of July, 1943.

By Order of the Board.

C. B. ROBINSON,
Secretary-Treasurer.

Montreal,
June 21, 1943.

Hollinger Consolidated Gold Mines Limited
DIVIDEND NUMBER 372

A regular dividend of 1% has been declared by the Directors on the Capital Stock of the Company, payable on the 15th day of July, 1943, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 30th day of June, 1943.

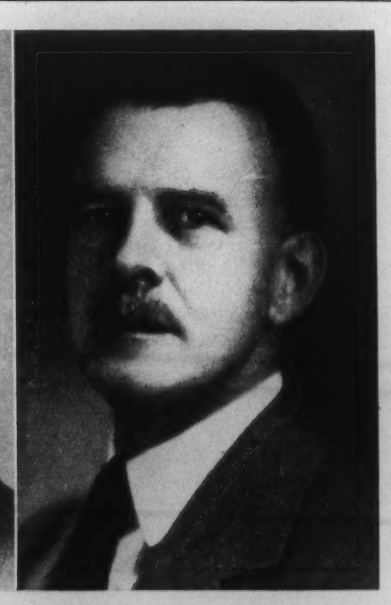
DATED the 24th day of June, 1943.

P. C. FINLAY,
Secretary.

A. K. HARVIE

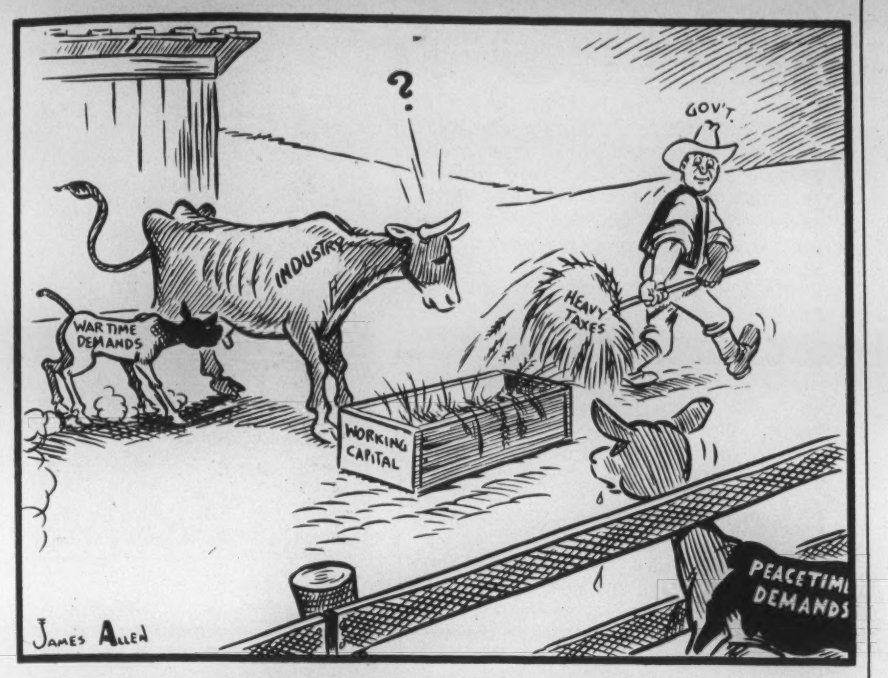
Appointed Secretary of The Canadian Bank of Commerce. Mr. Harvie entered the Bank at Winnipeg in 1906 and served in various capacities in Western Canada. Subsequently, he was Inspector in Winnipeg and Halifax, Manager at Saint John, N.B., Havana, Cuba and Halifax, N.S. In March 1937 he was appointed Supervisor, Foreign Department, Head Office.

Mr. Harvie served in France in the Great War with the 78th Battalion (Winnipeg Grenadiers). He was awarded the Military Cross and Mentioned in Despatches.



F. C. BIGGAR

Mr. Biggar retires as Secretary of The Canadian Bank of Commerce after fourteen years in that important executive position. A member of a family well known and long distinguished in Canadian professional circles, Mr. Biggar entered the Bank as a junior in July 1897 and won his first Managerial appointment at the Elmwood, Winnipeg branch in December, 1910. He enlisted as 1st Lieutenant in January 1915 and served in France with the 2nd Canadian Infantry Battalion. He was demobilized in September 1919 with the rank of Major. He was appointed Assistant Secretary at the Bank's Head Office in December 1922 and Secretary in June 1929.



THERE'S ANOTHER CALF TO BE FED

DOMINION SQUARE CORP.

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I have some first mortgage bonds and common shares of Dominion Square Corporation which were issued in 1939 in exchange for the old first mortgage bonds. Can you tell me how this company is getting on financially and if the building is now fully occupied and likely to continue so?

—B. E. S., Barrie, Ont.

Occupancy has increased until there is now "very little space available," it is stated officially. Some space stated to constitute a small percentage of the total is leased to governmental bodies and this space is subject to cancellation at short notice. Operating income rose in the fiscal year ended April 30, 1943, to $496,730 from $451,954 a year earlier, and after expenses, taxes, interest and depreciation there was a net loss for the year of $19,931 against that of $30,398 for the previous year. After purchasing $113,500 of bonds for cancellation and spending $20,266 to convert its heating plant from oil to coal, current liabilities of $84,091 exceeded current assets of $54,446 by $29,645, against net working capital of $647 at the end of the preceding year.

MIDWEST IRON

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I would like your opinion of Midwest Iron Corporation as being a reasonably safe investment. What would the prospects be for after the war? I also hold Morris Kirkland. Should I just forget about this?

—E. M., Wallaceburg, Ont.

Midwest Iron Mining Corp. shares can only be regarded as a speculation. Insufficient work has been done to determine whether it will become a producer. The diamond drilling program now proceeding has located a body of iron carbonate, similar in character to the Michipicoten iron deposits. As to the prospects for iron producers after the war this depends largely on the marketing of the product. The question of a market appears to have been settled at least for the time being. Canadian mining companies have been asked to seek iron deposits as the stepping up of steel capacity in the United States has strained American mines to supply the demands of both Canada and the United States.

No, the Morris Kirkland picture is not altogether cheerless. The company was discharged from bankruptcy last year. The creditors were paid in full, and the company still retains its mining property in the Eastern Kirkland area.

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Copy of this special circular will be gladly furnished upon request.

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BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

BY HARUSPEX

CYCLICAL, OR ONE TO TWO-YEAR TREND of the New York stock market: Stocks, following their sustained advance from the April 1942 lows, are now regarded by us as having entered a zone of distribution.

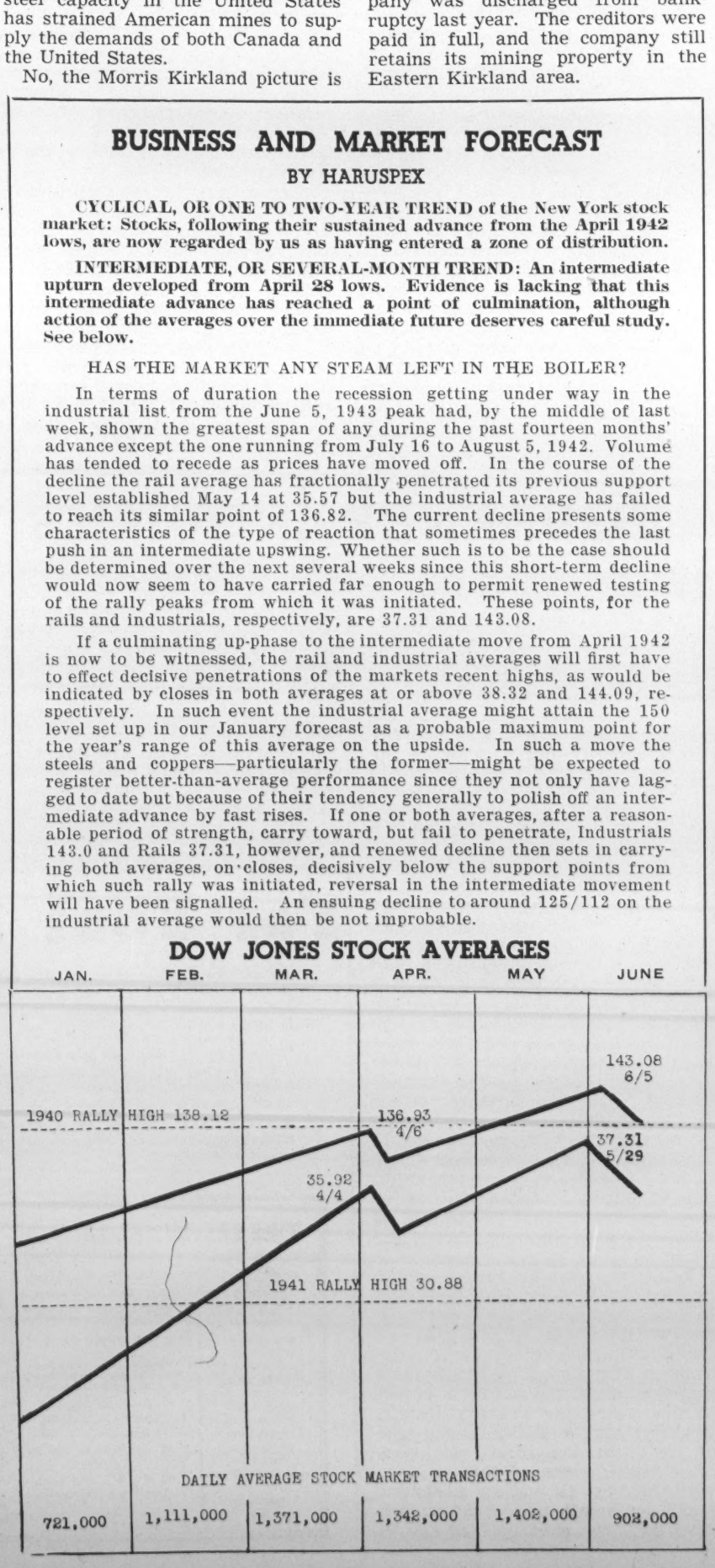
INTERMEDIATE, OR SEVERAL-MONTH TREND: An intermediate upturn developed from April 28 lows. Evidence is lacking that this intermediate advance has reached a point of culmination, although action of the averages over the immediate future deserves careful study. See below.

HAS THE MARKET ANY STEAM LEFT IN THE BOILER?

In terms of duration the recession getting under way in the industrial list from the June 5, 1943 peak had, by the middle of last week, shown the greatest span of any during the past fourteen months' advance except the one running from July 16 to August 5, 1942. Volume has tended to recede as prices have moved off. In the course of the decline the rail average has fractionally penetrated its previous support level established May 14 at 35.57 but the industrial average has failed to reach its similar point of 136.82. The current decline presents some characteristics of the type of reaction that sometimes precedes the last push in an intermediate upswing. Whether such is to be the case should be determined over the next several weeks since this short-term decline would now seem to have carried far enough to permit renewed testing of the rally peaks from which it was initiated. These points, for the rails and industrials, respectively, are 37.31 and 143.08.

If a culminating up-phase to the intermediate move from April 1942 is now to be witnessed, the rail and industrial averages will first have to effect decisive penetrations of the markets recent highs, as would be indicated by closes in both averages at or above 38.32 and 144.09, respectively. In such event the industrial average might attain the 150 level set up in our January forecast as a probable maximum point for the year's range of this average on the upside. In such a move the steels and coppers—particularly the former—might be expected to register better-than-average performance since they not only have lagged to date but because of their tendency generally to polish off an intermediate advance by fast rises. If one or both averages, after a reasonable period of strength, carry toward, but fail to penetrate, Industrials 143.0 and Rails 37.31, however, and renewed decline then sets in carrying both averages, on closes, decisively below the support points from which such rally was initiated, reversal in the intermediate movement will have been signalled. An ensuing decline to around 125/112 on the industrial average would then be not improbable.

DOW JONES STOCK AVERAGES



THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

DIVIDEND NO. 226

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of one and one-half per cent in Canadian funds on the paid-up capital stock of this Bank has been declared for the quarter ending 31st July 1943 and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after Monday, 2nd August next, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 30th June 1943. The Transfer Books will not be closed.

By Order of the Board

S. M. WEDD
General Manager

Toronto, 24th June 1943

LEITCH GOLD MINES LIMITED

(No Personal Liability)

DIVIDEND NO. 20

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a quarterly dividend of two cents per share has been declared by the Directors of the Company, payable in Canadian Funds, on August 14th, 1943, to shareholders of record at close of business July 15th, 1943.

By Order of the Board.

W. W. McBRIEN,
Secretary-Treasurer.

June 30, 1943.

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SURVEY OF SECURITIES

JUST off the press, the *Financial Post's* Survey of Corporate Securities, 1943 edition, gives details on some 1,500 Canadian companies. It gives a comprehensive report on company financial positions, records earnings for the past three years, gives detail of funded debt and capital stock, dividends paid, etc. The price range of Canadian corporation securities for the past eight years is provided in a convenient table.

One very useful feature of the book is that it lists company officers and directors. Details of each company's business, its plants and properties are included.

The Survey of Corporate Securities contains 172 pages and is indexed for ready reference. It is published by the MacLean Publishing Company, Limited, of Montreal and Toronto, and sells for $2.

Guaranty Trust Company of Canada

QUARTERLY DIVIDEND

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of 1¼%, being at the rate of 5% per annum on the paid-in capital stock of the Company, has been declared for the quarter year ending June 30th, 1943, payable July 15th, 1943, to shareholders of record at the close of business June 30th, 1943.

By Order of the Board,

J. WILSON BERRY,
General Manager

ABOUT INSURANCE

Arson Suppression Benefits

BY GEORGE GILBERT

As a result of the careful investigation of suspicious fires by the specially trained personnel of the associated insurance companies, in co-operation with fire marshals, the police and other public officials charged with the administration of the law, there has been a steady decrease in the number of incendiary fires, of which the insured has received the benefit in reduced rates.

According to the report of the committee on incendiarism and arson of the National Board of Fire Underwriters, the number of suspicious fires during the past year has been less than in any of the preceding fifteen years, and there is no reason to anticipate any increase in incendiarism or fires set for profit throughout the period of the war.

ONE of the reasons why the average rate charged for fire insurance in Canada and the United States has shown a steady decrease over the years is the action taken by the associated insurance companies in co-operation with the Provincial and State Fire Marshals and police officials to stamp out sabotage and incendiary fires. In the past two decades the average rate in Canada has dropped from $1.11 per $100 in 1921 to 64 cents in 1941, while in the United States the rate has gone down from $1.05 to 65 cents.

At the recent annual meeting the National Board of Fire Underwriters, it was reported by the committee on incendiarism and arson that during the past year no enemy-directed sabotage has been found, and that the rising prices of commodities of all kinds, together with the abundance of employment and high wages has lessened the number of fires set for profit. In fact, the demand for investigation of suspicious fires has been less in 1942 than in any of the previous fifteen years.

Decrease Expected

While changes in the war requirements will continue to bring severe shifts in lines of business endeavor, the committee sees no reason to anticipate any increase in incendiary fires during the continuance of the war, and the opinion is expressed that it may well be that fires of this type will decrease in number. However, it is regarded as not too early to look forward to the conditions which will be brought about by a cessation of hostilities, and to make preparations which will be necessary because of the readjustments incident to the change from production for war to normal business.

It is also noted that while the work of investigating suspicious fires has not been as arduous as in past years, greater calls have been made upon their trained personnel for co-operation with governmental authorities in matters pertaining to the protection of property. Their experts have also been called upon to assist in educational programs for policemen, firemen and persons engaged in plant protection work, both officials and civilians.

In addition to their normal work, the trained personnel employed under the direction of the committee have made scores of investigations in matters not connected with incendiarism, in accordance with the expressed wishes of the members of the board of underwriters that aid be given to the war activities of the government in every way possible. These activities are being continued, and appear to be highly appreciated by the government officers concerned.

During the past year 2,077 fires of suspicious origin were investigated and reports submitted thereon, 404 less than in the preceding year. The number of arrests during the past year in proceedings instituted by public officials after investigations in which their trained personnel participated was 486, as compared with 602 in 1941, while the number of convictions was 337, as compared with 400 in 1941, and the number of acquittals was 54, as compared with 63 in 1941.

Peculiar Case

Among the cases investigated last year was that of a public adjuster in New York City, who for many years had been suspected of participation in the arranging and setting of incendiary fires and who previously had been indicted but not convicted. He pleaded guilty to attempted arson in the third degree in connection with a fire in a haberdashery on Sixth Avenue in New York and was sentenced to imprisonment for one year and three months.

Another interesting case was that of the owner of a plumbing shop in Sanger, California. He had been a city councilman for eight years, was a member of the local chamber of commerce and a very prominent churchman. He was arrested January 7, 1943, after a fire had occurred at his home on January 2. Following investigation, he was charged with attempted murder and arson. It was alleged that he had thrown a bottle of gasoline on an electric heater in the bathroom while his wife was taking a bath.

It was also alleged that he took the gasoline from his shop, went to his home, saturated some of his wife's clothing with gasoline, and placed the clothing in front of the bathroom door; that this was to prevent her from leaving the bathroom; that he then left the house, went to the bathroom window, removed the screen and threw the gasoline on the electric heater. His wife was very badly burned. This case had not come to trial at the time the report was made.

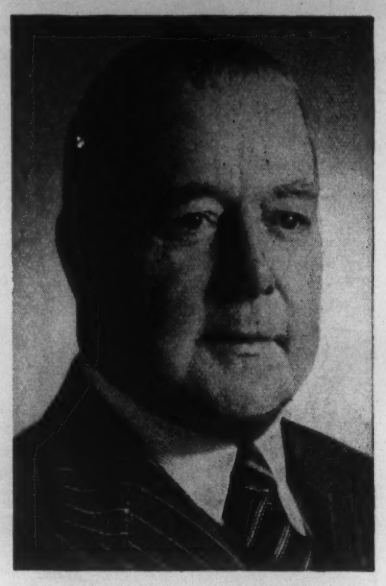
A curious case was that of one of the owners of an insurance agency in New Hampshire who for more than eight years had admittedly been engaged in the practice of submitting to insurance companies claims where there had been no fire and appropriating the claim payments to his own use. One of the insurance companies became suspicious, and, upon inquiry, found irregularities. An official investigation by the police resulted in developing more than 160 cases, involving about $25,000. At the time of making the report, the man responsible had been indicted by the grand jury on charges of forgery, false pretences and larceny.

In another case in New Jersey a series of fires in dwellings and garages occurred, and some twenty-six alarms for grass fires were turned in within a period of forty days. Two senior firemen and two junior firemen were arrested as a result of an investigation, and all four pleaded guilty and threw themselves on the mercy of the court. The court imposed varying fines and sentenced the men to terms in reformatories. These terms were suspended, and they were placed on probation for three years, due to their previous good records and the favorable report of a psychiatrist.

Risk False Arrest

One of the risks taken by insurance companies in arson cases is that of being sued for false arrest when convictions are not secured or are reversed on appeal. The committee reports that only one case involving claims of false arrest and similar allegations against Board companies was brought to trial during the past year. When convictions of arson were reversed, the proprietor of a Greek restaurant in Chicago and an alleged "torch" sued certain Board companies, a mutual company and the Board itself for damages in the amount of several hundred thousand dollars. These suits were started in October, 1937. Following the completion of the plaintiffs' case, which took a little over a week to present, the court directed a verdict in favor of the four defendant Board companies. The mutual company and the Board itself had previously been eliminated as defendants.

It is evident that the occurrence of arson has reached the lowest point in a long time. While this satisfactory situation is due in part to the highly favorable economic conditions existing and to the fact that the people generally are united in an earnest effort to contribute to the success of the war effort, the faithful work of the expert investigators of the associated insurance companies and the public officials charged with the suppression and prosecution of persons responsible for it has undoubtedly had a very material effect.



EDGAR J. KAY

At the annual meeting of the Dominion Board of Insurance Underwriters, held at Lucerne in Quebec, Edgar J. Kay (above), Manager for Canada of the North British & Mercantile Insurance Co. Limited, Montreal, was elected president: R. Lynch Stailing, Manager for Canada, Sun Insurance Office, Toronto, first vice-president and William Lawrie, Manager for Canada, Phoenix Assurance Co. of London, England, Montreal, second vice-president.

G. WILSON GEDDES, F.A.S., A.A.I.A., General Manager and Actuary, The Northern Life Assurance Company, whose election as President of the Life Insurance Institute of Canada is announced.

INSURANCE INQUIRIES

Editor, About Insurance:

I understand that in the United States if a worker coming under the Social Security law dies before reaching age 65, his family receive certain benefits in the way of a monthly income. Can you tell me what this income would be in the case of a man with a wife and two small children and earning on the average about $150 a month? Would such a plan make it unnecessary for a person in his position to carry life insurance for this purpose?

—L.C.B., Welland, Ont.

If a worker meets the requirements under the Social Security law and dies before reaching age 65, there is a death benefit payable in the case of the widow and each child who is under the age of 16, or 18 if attending school, if such children are dependent upon their mother. The death benefit is in the form of a monthly income equal to three-fourths of the worker's Primary Benefit, and this monthly income continues until the youngest child reaches age 16 or 18, depending upon whether the child is attending school or not. In addition, the widow would receive one-half of the amount of the Primary Benefit on behalf of each child until the child reaches age 16 or 18.

What the monthly income would amount to is dependent upon the average earnings of the worker. In the case of a man with a wife and two small children earning on the average $150 a month and who was employed under the Act for a period of five years, the Primary Benefit would amount to $31.50. In the case of his death, the widow would receive three-fourths of this sum, or $23.63 per month and an additional $15.75 per month on account of each child until the child reached age 16 or 18. That is, the widow would receive $55.13 per month, which would be reduced to $39.38 when the older child reached age 16 or 18. When the younger child reached age 16 or 18, the widow's income would be reduced to nothing, and would not become payable again until she reached age 65.

It is evident that life insurance would still be needed to increase the family income beyond the $55.13 per month or to fill the gap when no monthly income would be payable, as in the case of a widow under age 65 with no young children. Social Security benefits provide a bare subsistence for those who may be wholly dependent upon its provisions, so that a suitable amount of life insurance is necessary to supplement these benefits if a comfortable future for the family is to be assured. If the worker lives to retirement age, life insurance will enable him to increase the Social Security Old Age benefit to an amount that will be sufficient as a life pension.

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Passing of Comintern Aids Post-War Planning

BY GILBERT C. LAYTON

Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent in London

The Comintern, according to Mr. Layton, was a bogey which we built up in our own minds to a threat. With this threat out of the way, post-war relations will be improved and continuation of the building of a new world in Russia will go on with the freely given assistance of the democratic nations.

London

A RUSSIAN exile in Switzerland became convinced, in 1915, that the Second International, which broke in 1914, was finally done for. Lenin's authority, however, was not yet sufficient, and not in 1916 nor in 1919 did the Comintern, the Third International, give evidence of the force it was to become.

By 1921, at the Third Congress, there was already in evidence a tiredness with the idea of world revolution, though indeed that principle had never become a serious possibility, even within Russian informed belief. It was like a man not yet grown to maturity suddenly greying and becoming impotent, the night following the dawn with no sunshine between. By 1924, the year of the Fifth Congress, the Comintern had assumed a notable modesty and spoke of itself, not as a spearhead of world revolution, not even as a vanguard of reform, but as an "auxiliary frontier guard."

All this time, however, the moral significance of the Comintern was considerable, and it became the customary bogey of the right-wing political agitation. In 1929 and for the following seven years, when the Hitler mystique was seeping through Germany, the Comintern discovered that National Socialism was not in the same class as a foe as the alternative left, the Socialists proper and the Liberals. German communists were endorsed by the dogma of the Comintern in their co-operation with the Hitler Nazis against the Weimar Republic. The world, even the world's communists, became rather puzzled by the behavior of their tutor and instructor.

But in 1935 there was another reversal, and long-term political strategy was overturned by annual tactics. The Comintern backed a Front Populaire in France, and in every other country where the possibility existed. So the alternative left was no longer the main danger, but an ally now. The war broke out and the Comintern recommended a policy of inaction to the combatant anti-Nazis. It was the crowning ignominy. Now there is no more Comintern.

We Built Bogey

It must be a source of wonder to observers that so inept and ineffective a political organization could have aroused so much indignation and fear and hatred, and to those who remember Trotsky, and the long knives that were drawn in Russia on two memorable occasions, it passes understanding that anyone could have identified the policy of the Stalin Government with that of the Comintern.

But politically the masses are mostly children, and children are frightened by dragons and witches that fly the skies on broomsticks. This particular dragon breathed much fire, but did not even cause the minor one which brought Dimitrov to trial at Leipzig, when the infamous Goering shed tears over the Reichstag which his thugs had just returned from burning.

How deeply the fear and hatred were ingrained has been seen in recent weeks in the world-wide sigh of relief which accompanied the report that the Comintern was being dissolved. And here, too, is the measure of the grant. For what it did, the Third International might have been almost an old wives' knitting party, for even if the interpretation is right which lays some blame for France's collapse at the door of the communists, and even if it is true that significant acts of international sabotage have been initiated by the Communists, it is only that the international organ of corruption has received the credit for the development of the communist principle, by larding it with childish horrors and jejune fears and ghosts, in the international sphere much more than it assisted it by its undoubted powers of organization. When the need, for communism, was to make communism respectable, the Comintern made it a bewhiskered and unwashed outlaw.

No Change in Policy

What emerges from the death of the Third International is a new scope for co-operation between the U.S.S.R. and what the Russians call the outside world. And a substantial impediment to co-operative planning for the post-war has been dissolved. It is only a trifling fact that the London Stock Exchange marked up a fraction the prices of the "lost" Russian issues on the announcement, but it was an indicative fact.

Let it not be taken as an insult to our Russian allies when we say that, in the deep sense, Russia has made herself respectable by disinfecting herself of the Comintern. Amid the glory and heroism of her struggle against the Nazis, the word respectable is cheap and mean and unworthy. But in its broad connotation, in its implication of financial and economic probity and a willingness to be neighborly in politics, it means a great deal to the post-war. The ordinary man and woman, whose century this is, find a new Russian honor in the destruction of the Comintern.

In one sense, the Comintern, which caused the capitalist world so much heartburning, was itself the product of the capitalist-encirclement fear of Russia after the revolution, and it is therefore accurate to speak of its death as the symbol of a new understanding and friendship between the United Nations.

But it should not be supposed, or hoped, that this means any change in the domestic or foreign policy of the Russian Government.

Stalin aims to show by example. He aims to build Russia into the finest place to live in in the wide world, and his job, which was not nearly done before the war, has received a cataclysmic setback in the torrent of destruction which the Nazis have visited on his country. After the war he will resume his building of a new world in Russia, and this time he will invite and be gladly and freely given the assistance of the democratic nations. Here is the epitaph for the Comintern, "It died that Russia might live better."

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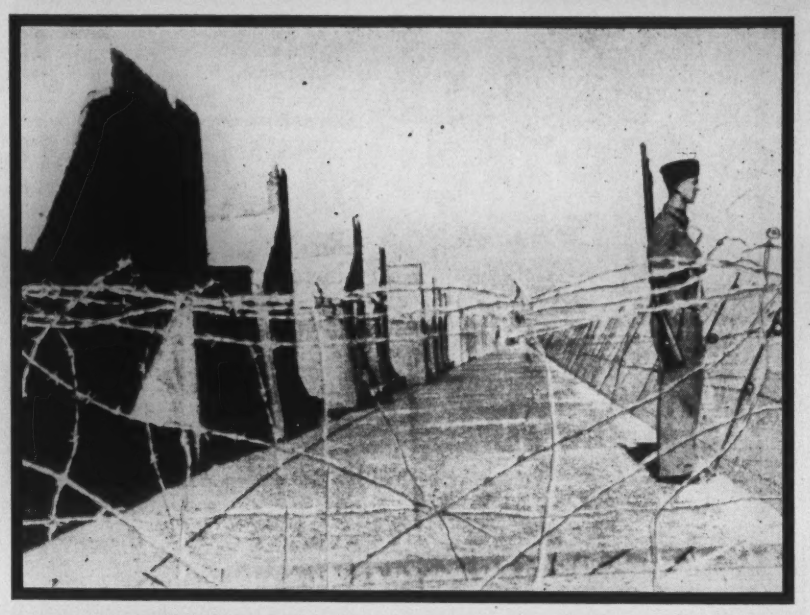

Although the Germans themselves previously exploded the myth of a fixed defence wall by smashing the Maginot Line, Hitler is busy erecting stone fortifications along European coasts to stave off invasion. This formidable wall has been built on that portion of Crete that faces Africa.

WILFRID G. MALCOLM, of A. E. Ames & Co., (above) was elected President of the Toronto Stock Exchange at the annual meeting of members last week. J. B. White of J. B. White & Co. is the new Vice-President, Gordon R. Bongard of Bongard & Co. the Secretary, and Frank G. Lawson of Moss, Lawson & Co. Treasurer.

Mines

BY J. A. McRAE

AMERICAN capital, particularly in New York, continues to accumulate shares in the leading gold mines of Canada. The trading in such mines as Lake Shore for instance is frequently heavier in New York than it is on the Toronto Stock Exchange. Unless all signs fail, the American investor is taking advantage of the present opportunity to purchase these shares at low levels brought about by war and shortage of labor, —and looking toward the end of the war when labor will be abundant once again.

•

While the individual citizen of the United States as well as Canada and Great Britain is not permitted to purchase gold bullion or gold coins at any price, yet through the purchase of shares in gold producing mines these individuals do what they regard as the next best thing to that of acquiring gold bars direct.

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The accumulation of shares in Canada's gold mines as revealed in the daily stock transactions in New York is considered to be of outstanding significance, — and there are close observers who believe that behind this movement there is considerably more than may at first meet the eye. In other words, when such a movement, involving very heavy investments, takes place, there are investors who believe they are in possession of valuable information and who are willing to bet their money on the accuracy of their judgment.

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Copper producers are looking toward the post-war period with considerable misgivings. The copper mines are geared to produce metal now at records never before attained. This is in response to the demands of war. There is a growing belief that when governments are no longer in the market for the red metal there may well be a period when mines, other than the extremely lowcost producers, will be confronted with a difficult period of quite uncertain duration.

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Pioneer Gold Mines of British Columbia is handling only about 100 tons of ore per day at present. Restrictions on the employment of men were recently modified, and because of this the company is making an effort to maintain sufficient development to preserve the physical condition of the mine at least to some extent.

•

Powell Rouyn plans to maintain shipment of 800 tons of ore daily. Current assets have risen to not far under $500,000, and with liabilities of around $100,000. Remembering that the company went heavily into debt in order to prepare for production, and also mindful of the unusual difficulties caused by war, the achievement at Powell Rouyn is regarded as highly satisfactory by company officials.

•

Canada is now believed to be the second largest producer of zinc in the world. Nearly 75 per cent of the zinc produced in Canada comes from Con. Mining & Smelting Co.

•

Mines of the province of Ontario have paid about $940,000,000 in dividends. The leading distributor of dividends has been the Sudbury district with some $400,000,000. Second in importance has been the Porcupine gold area with disbursements of some $222,000,000. Third in importance has been Kirkland Lake with some $195,000,000. A field which once ranked high, but which is little heard from now, is Cobalt from which it has produced great quantities of silver and resulting in disbursements of some $106,000,000 in dividends.

•

McKenzie Red Lake makes the announcement that earnings will continue to be distributed in dividends, but leaves the inference that disbursements will not be permitted to further cut into the treasury surplus. At the end of 1942 the company had about $500,000 in working capital. It is the plan of the directors to maintain this favorable balance so as to be in a position to enlarge on the scale of development just as soon as workmen become available in larger number after the war.

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Hollinger Consolidated Gold Mines has sent a party of 34 men to prospect its concession in Labrador. Preliminary work a year ago yielded encouraging results. This year, the party includes twenty prospectors together with six geologists and certain other experts. Special attention is to be given to the strategic minerals, but investigation will also embrace the interesting discoveries made in 1942. These included low values in nickel and copper as well as showings of silver and gold. Meanwhile, at the Hollinger mine at Porcupine the mill is operating at not more than about 60 per cent of capacity,—or around 3,000 tons a day. This is considered sufficient to maintain the reduced rate of dividends as established during the past six months.

•

Canada could do without some of the politicians who are wrecking the spirit of those who direct her pioneer industries better than she can spare the men who have blazed the new trails through this new land of ours. Decades were required to build up the machine made up of prospectors and mining men that made northern Canada great. What a pity it is to see such a machine falling apart because of political tinkering by a group of men who do not appear to realize the importance of the mining industry or the fateful consequences of the things they are doing.

• •

EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY

CORRECTION: In the sixty-second annual report of the Employers' Liability Assurance Corporation Limited, published in the June 19 issue of this paper, the name of the company's Manager for Ontario was shown as N. G. Reid. It should have been S. G. Reid.

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APPLICATION FORMS NOW AVAILABLE

Purchase Permit, with a supply of Exemption Statements, bound in book form, will be forwarded by the Department as soon as application has been approved.

TO PURCHASE MARKED GASOLINE UNDER THE NEW SYSTEM, permit-holder must show retailer his Purchase Permit, and both permit-holder or his authorized agent and retailer or his agent must sign correctly filled out Exemption Statement *before sale is made.*

NOTICE TO ALL VENDORS OF MARKED GASOLINE: All vendors of MARKED Gasoline will be required to obtain a special license to allow them to sell MARKED Gasoline free from the Ontario Gasoline Tax. License may be secured from the Gasoline Tax Branch, Department of Highways, Toronto.

INSTRUCTIONS TO RETAILERS

1. Retailer or his agent *must* examine Purchase Permit and sign Exemption Statement *before sale is made.*
2. Original of Exemption Statement *must not* be detached until it has been signed by both retailer or his agent, *and* permit-holder or his authorized agent.
3. Periodically, information contained on these Exemption Statements will be listed on an Application for Credit Form supplied by the Department of Highways. This Application for Credit, with *Original* Exemption Statements attached, will be handed to distributor for credit of the amount of tax allowed to permit holders.
4. Secure your Application for Credit Forms from your distributor.

The co-operation of Purchasers and Vendors alike is urged so that the change-over to the New System will be as effective as possible.

GASOLINE TAX BRANCH

DEPARTMENT OF HIGHWAYS, PROVINCE OF ONTARIO

T. B. McQUESTEN
Minister of Highways

D. E. STRONG
Chief Inspector of Gasoline Tax